

The

GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1945 1/3



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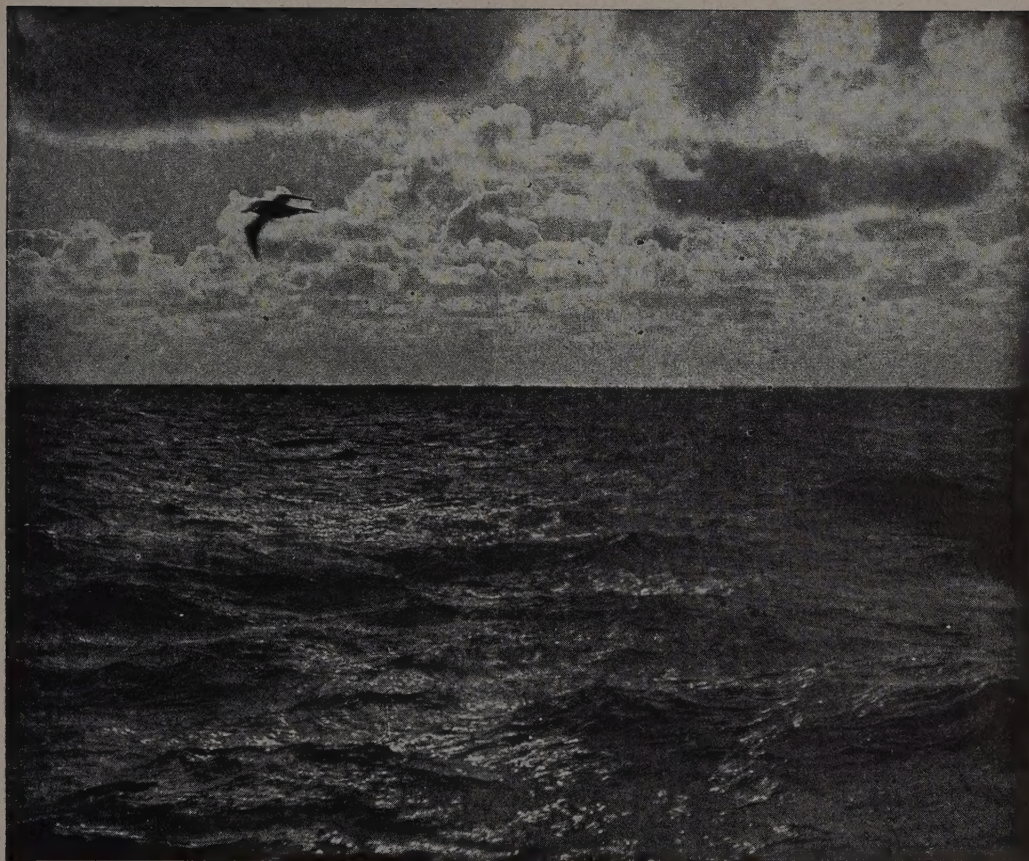
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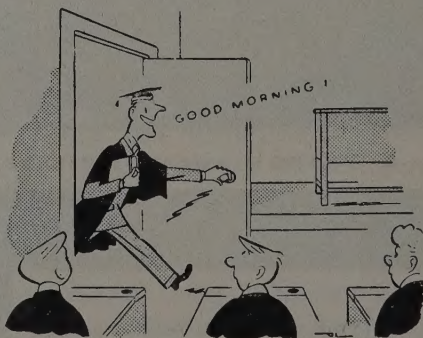


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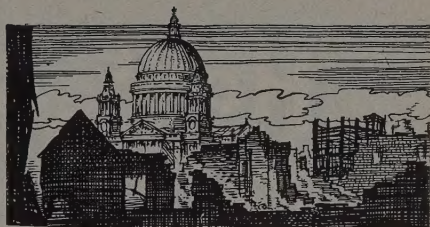
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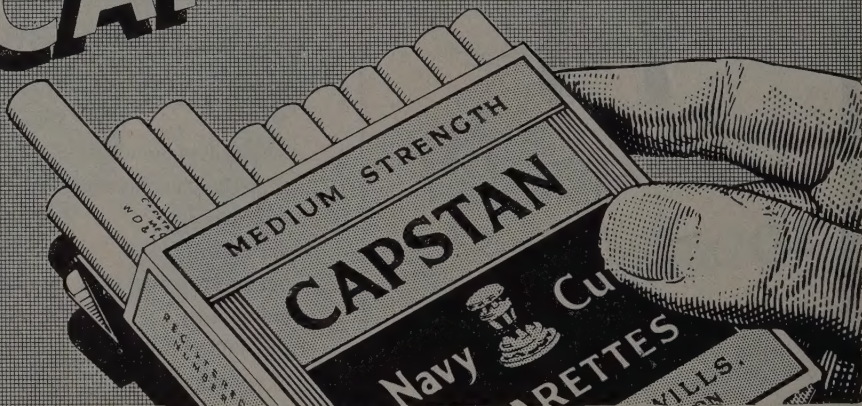
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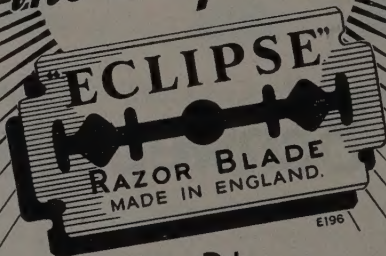
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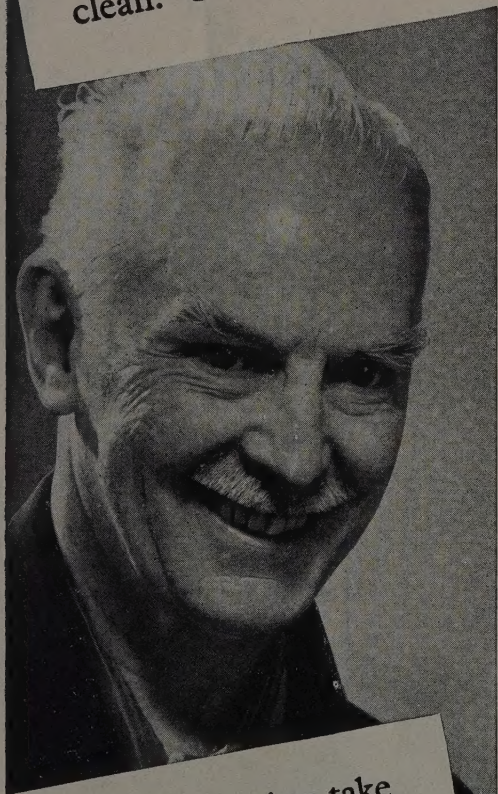
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Ours is the Future

FROM TIME TO TIME, in the course of a nation's history, it is given to a few brief generations of men to determine the fate of their civilization. On their judgment and action depends the future of society for centuries to come. They set the course—to the nobility of high endeavour or back on the road to barbarism from whence they sprang.

Today, an immense responsibility is ours. We are the custodians of the future. We are at the birth of a new age. But what will we bring forth—an age that will fulfil the high aspirations of mankind, or another era of strife in which the forces of evil may yet triumph?

The answer may well depend on the efforts of each one of us during the next decade, for unless we all—individually as well as collectively—contribute something towards the solution of the major problems of our times, there can be little hope for our civilization.

Now, what are these problems that must be solved before man can live as man should, and how can we, as individuals, help to solve them?

There is the problem of ensuring freedom from want . . . of finding continued employment for millions. There is the problem of discharging the nation's debt . . . of maintaining the stability of our currency. There is the problem of fulfilling our pledges to those who look to us for succour—without endangering the interests of those who come after us. These are the problems. How can we, as individual members of our nation, help to solve them? The answer is manifold.

We can help by continuing to set an example to the world for courage, common sense and fundamental decency in peace, just as we did in war.

We can help by thinking clearly and realistically, and by acting upon the decisions born of that clear and realistic thinking, in a calm, unprovocative manner.

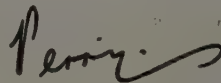
We can help by continued saving until the dangers of inflation are past.

We can help by remembering that those who do not agree with us are not necessarily against us—that *our* beliefs and *our* ideas are not the only beliefs and ideas that are right, though they may be best for us.

We can help by being as jealous for the honour and integrity of our beliefs as we are for the honour and integrity of our country.

Finally, and perhaps this is the most important point of all to be remembered, we can help by applying to all considerations of a national character, that self-same pride and loving interest we take in ensuring the continued welfare of our own families.

The age-long history of our islands is one of danger and difficulty boldly faced. In our hour of need, we have always found the answers to our difficulties deep in our hearts. It is there that we must look for the answers today—for ours is the future and the future is in our hearts.



CHAIRMAN



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Builders of a New China

by GEORGE K. C. YEH

The author of the following article was formerly Professor of English Literature in the National University of Peking and now directs the United Kingdom Office of the Chinese Ministry of Information. He describes some of the forces in character and tradition that will rebuild a liberated China. The short story at the end of this number complements his description

No country has suffered more abroad than China from romantic idealization. "It is difficult to continue being your natural self after you have been treated in turn as a fine museum piece and a war hero," a Chinese friend remarked humorously as we came away together from an exceedingly agreeable tea-party in New York recently. That both references were well-meant and that China has, indeed, produced works of art and has been fighting heroically were beside the point. As a race, the Chinese could perhaps rival any in the art of paying compliments. In a social gathering, a cultured Chinese is not likely to let pass a slight compliment unnoticed and without reciprocating it. What must have seemed rather odd to my friend was the romantic tinge with which his country had been generally regarded. He was not one of those Chinese who are ignorant of their own past and its achievement. But after having lived for twelve years in Free China as a newspaper man and shared such hardships and vicissitudes of life as have become the lot of the common people, he found it emotionally difficult to accept a *milieu* in which either his country's artistic past or its present struggles were admired in terms as glowing and romantic as one would have used in the presence of a Sung vase.

Mr Chu was admittedly sensitive. His life, since he left Mukden after its occupation by the Japanese, has been anything but glamorous. For twelve years now he has not seen nor heard from his family. Some ninety years ago his grandfather, then an illiterate young farmer, had migrated from Shantung to Mukden where he was allowed to stake fifty *mou* of good land at the cheap official price. He raised kaoliang, millet and soya-bean, and, in due course, a family of two children. The elder of the children, my friend's father, was able to learn to read before he was fifteen, at the village school. At sixteen he got a small job on the railway, and when he became a brakeman he got married. As a son of a railway employee, my friend entered the free school for the children of the railway staff, later the Mukden Middle School on a scholar-

ship; and when the Japanese invaded Manchuria, he was working for his degree in the North-Eastern University in Mukden.

Unlike many of his acquaintances, who come from the traditional official-scholar or the new mercantile class, Chu's immediate background tallies with the vital social and economic changes which have been reshaping the course of China during the last fifty years. From an illiterate farmer to an industrial worker was a change that could not have taken place sixty years ago, and for a son of a railway brakeman to be educated in a free school and to receive a university education tells of a full page in China's recent history which future historians will no doubt have to scan more closely. It is the people of this class who in a sense have most inborn in them the qualities of modern China. They it is who have had to struggle the hardest. They have not had the benefit of a missionary education, to which a number of China's leaders today owe much for their rise to influence; nor the advantage of background and prestige which a son of the old official class so often enjoys. There are not yet many families whose generations in the immediate past so closely reflect the economic and social changes of modern China; but their number is growing and, after the war, if unity and peace prevail, they will constitute a new force in China—a force as alien to the beauty of a Sung vase as Chinese culture was to the early compradors of the Treaty Ports.

Significant as the rise of this new force may be, no one should belittle the position of the farmer in China. More than 78 per cent of China's millions are today still peasants. The traditional social scale in China places the farmer next only to the scholar-knight, or *Shih*. He is above the artisan and the tradesman. Between him and the scholar exists a link which may be called the life-line of Chinese civilization. No Chinese is ever ashamed of his peasant origin, and it has almost been a tradition for a retired official-scholar to return to his village of origin and spend the remaining years of his life in writing, or teaching in the village school. It was a



Toni Muir

More than three-quarters of China's 400 millions are farmers; and on their sense of justice and patriotism the eight years' resistance to Japanese aggression has depended. Chinese tradition honours the farmer, whose problems it will be the first task of the New China to solve, through the reform of land tenure, more modern farming methods and land reclamation. (Left) A 54-year-old farmer of Szechwan. (Below, left) Good land is seldom uncultivated in China. Among the western mountains, paddy-fields fill the fertile plateaux of red clay and run to the edge of Kunming lake, reported to have shrunk to half the size it was in the Tang Dynasty, 1000 years ago. (Right) Threshing the rice crop



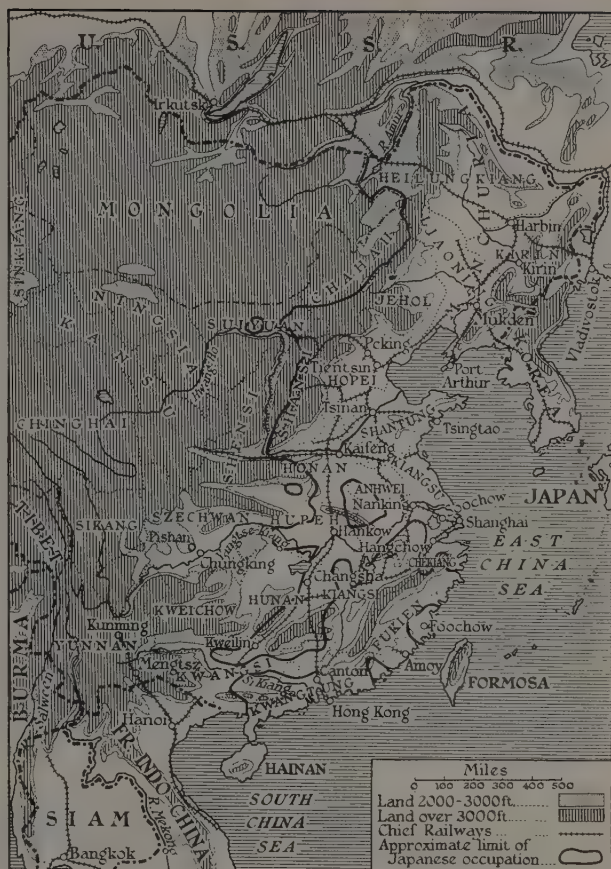
By courtesy of the Chinese Ministry of Information, London

customary practice, before the growth of the coastal towns, for a Government official to send one of his children back to his village to look after the estate and the farm. This son would be referred to as 'the link'.

In studying the rise of prominent families in China, it is usual to find that one of a farmer's children learns to read and proves himself a promising scholar. The father makes an attempt in such a case to release the boy from work in the fields and let him enter the village school. In due course the boy goes up for the official village examination, the passing of which takes him to the provincial sittings, and finally to the Imperial Examinations Hall in the capital. When he has successfully passed his Imperial Examinations, he becomes an official of a grade appropriate to the academic honours he has taken. His children will then be brought up under private tutors, and may continue in official life perhaps for a few generations, if they, too, succeeded in passing the same examinations. Even in their case, they would have to return to their village of origin to sit for the first village examinations. The vicissitudes of life may eventually reduce them to simple farmers again, and after renewing contact with the land for a few generations, a "seed of the scholar", as the Chinese term it, may again blossom forth.

In China's biographical literature, emphasis is traditionally placed on a person who issues direct from the land and who becomes a great writer, a poet, a painter or an official. In the case of a person whose official position is as high as his literary or artistic attainments, it is the practice in Chinese Chronicles to emphasize the latter, and to say that his experience as an official has but contributed towards his greatness as a writer. Such respect for the farmer is implied in a traditional phrase, *lai tzu tien ch'ien*, meaning "coming from the land", which is the purest and best stock from which a Chinese can claim to rise.

In China, as elsewhere, the farmer is a symbol of man's eternal struggle with the



Stanford, London

forces of nature. In spite of the fact that China has vast untapped resources in minerals and man-power, her population has been able to survive only by intensive cultivation of practically every inch of the land which can be reclaimed by the simple processes of irrigation and fertilization. This should not be surprising when one considers the relevant geographical factors. Almost 64 per cent of the total area of China is over 3000 feet above sea-level; 18 per cent rises between 2000 to 3000 feet, and only 18 per cent of the total area of China is below 2000 feet. Roughly speaking, not more than 40 per cent of China's land is arable, and of this easily 70 to 80 per cent has been under cultivation for a great number of years. The remaining acreage can only be made arable by employing on a large scale more modern methods of irrigation and reclamation than have hitherto been practised in China.



By courtesy of the Chinese Ministry of Information, London

(Above) A schoolboy helps the farmer. The Chinese Government has established three 'Border Schools' where boys are trained for social and local government work among primitive people near the frontiers and learn their dialects. (Opposite) Two men of importance at Pishan, near Chungking: above, the President of the Town Council; below, the President of the National College of Social Education, which trains teachers for the mass literacy campaign now in progress

The Chinese farmer rises before daybreak and after a meal of hot 'conjee' (water in which rice has been boiled) he is in his field. His simple mid-day meal—consisting of wheat-cakes, green vegetables and garlic, with a pinch of salt or soya-paste, if he is in the North; a large bowl of rice mixed perhaps with other cereal, pieces of salted vegetable or turnip and a little bean-curd, if he is in the South—is usually brought to him in the field by his wife. With his last mouthful he is back at his plough again. Rain or shine, he continues until half an hour before sunset, when he returns home for another simple meal followed by a bowl, not a delicate cup, of tea; and after a wash with as much water as his wife would allow him, he retires at sundown. Excepting for his periodic journeys to the market and his usual New Year and Harvest holidays, he will rarely take a day off. He

may be illiterate, but he too shares that respect for learning so characteristic of his race. As he plods on in the field under the parching sun, he dreams that perhaps one of his children will be able to learn the characters; and when he is involved in a dispute with a neighbour, it is to the most learned man in the village that he will agree to take the case—not to the Magistrate's court, unless it is a criminal offence. The Chinese farmer has an instinctive mistrust of the law. He much prefers taking his troubles to someone whom he personally esteems. And there is always, in every Chinese village, however small it may be, a retired official with an Imperial degree who teaches at the village school, or one known for his knowledge of the classics.

It would be unfair, however, to think of the Chinese Magistrate as an austere official



Toni Muir



Toni Muir

shunned by the people. He may be low in rank but he is the only official who has been dubbed in Chinese tradition the *fu mu kwan*, or the "parental official". For he is expected to stand in relation to his people as parents to their children. He belongs rather more to the people than to officialdom. Many eminent poets and artists in Chinese history have been reputable magistrates, and some were known even to have refused to rise to higher ranks, when they had grown so attached to the people and the countryside. "My conscience pricks when I think of trading my people's orphanhood for an additional thirty bushels of rice", the bamboo-painter Cheng Pan-ch'iao recorded in his memoirs after he had rejected a promotion in 1748. Travelling through villages in China today, one sees stone tablets and elaborately carved gateways, now, alas, often fallen into a state of decay, erected in commemoration of some magistrate who had held his position for thirty or forty years, and who died at his post.

When Dr Sun Yat-sen first framed his revolutionary programme for China in London in the 'nineties, he was justly convinced that the only basis for a democratic structure in China was the long tradition of self-government in the village, and that in an agricultural country such as China the essential reforms were those of the land. A picture of self-government in the village would be incomplete without a mention of the part played by the magistrate. He has had much to do with settling disputes and directing agrarian reforms. The magistrate, in the old days, received a ridiculously small stipend. In some districts he was entitled, according to the tradition of his post, to claim certain annual contributions from the local population in the form of rice, or wheat, or whatever his district produced in abundance, provided that the harvest was good. It was largely on the goodwill and seasonal presents which a popular magistrate would receive from his people that he managed to live comfortably.

In general, the magistrate today still functions very much as he did in the Imperial days, except that he no longer retains his judicial capacity and is assisted by an administrative council formed of the village and town chiefs under his jurisdiction. He is still referred to as the parental official and his duties, now considerably multiplied, continue to place him as close to the people as was the magistrate of the past. The *hsien chang*, as he is called today, is usually a young university graduate. Since the war his two main duties



Toni Muir



by courtesy of the Chinese Ministry of Information, London

China's post-war plans will require a great increase in industrial workers; many of whom will come from the army where they learnt new skills. (Above) Graduates of a military training course. (Left) A tank driver

have been in connection with conscription and food administration, including the collection of land-tax in kind for the Central Government. On him China depends for the continuous recruiting of men and flow of supplies for her armies. He is the foundation of China's civil service, for under him are the basic units of self-government on which China hopes to build up her structure of political democracy.

The Chinese farmer has fortunately never been oppressed in the same manner as the Russian peasant was in Tsarist days, nor has he yet been used much as a political instrument. He is of all men the least subject to any kind of complex or taboo. His psychology is vastly different from that of the newly-arisen industrial worker in the former Treaty Ports,

who is quickly becoming class-conscious and power-conscious. The farmer remains a hard-working, self-contained being, the fruits of whose labour are often lost to him by multiple indebtedness at unbelievably high rates of interest. His enemies are the rapacious moneylenders, the middlemen and the inclemencies of nature. In many parts of China, absentee-landlordism and usury are still rampant. The scarcity of capital available in rural districts, resulting chiefly from the decline of domestic industry and the flow of wealth into the coastal towns, naturally encourages the growth of usury. The more depressed the village, the less capital is available and the more active is the usury—a vicious circle which saps the life of the peasants. China's agrarian problems cannot be solved by the Government's extension of rural credit, now being effected. The basic solution lies in the reform of land tenure.

By far the largest number of Chinese soldiers today come from the land. Many of them have been dispossessed by enemy occupation or through other enemy action. The Japanese made the fatal psychological mistake, early in their occupation, of thinking that the Chinese farmers could be bamboozled and regimented in the same way as the industrial workers in the towns. Little did they realize that above all the Chinese farmer was a person to be left alone. When rubbed up the wrong way, he is the toughest, most stubborn and determined enemy. He may not be as ready to express himself as the industrial worker. He does not come to blows with the Japanese, nor does he take part in public demonstrations. He sneaks quietly away from the village at night and joins the guerrillas in the hills; and surely as the sun rises, he returns at the first opportunity.

The Chinese farmer is deeply aware of moral values without being self-conscious about them. He has been reared in the Confucian code and his sense of right and wrong, which he will hand on to his children, has come down to him from his parents and grandparents. It is this ingrained sense of justice that has made the long war of resistance in China possible, in spite of the heavy losses the people have suffered. Talking to an old regimental commander in Changsha, six years ago, I asked him what type of person made a good soldier. He said, "For riflemen, an illiterate farmer who has lost his land to the enemy," and added that, curious as it may seem, he had found the illiterate generally more intelligent than the literate in the lower ranks of the army.

Although he works from dawn to dusk

almost unceasingly, the farmer always appears dignified and leisurely, for he is his own master at the job and tradition has taught him to start early in time to finish it without having to rush it through. It is this leisurely yet persistent life which makes it possible for the Chinese farmer to retain his sense of humour. He is not the brooding type of peasant one sees sometimes in other parts of the world. He is humorous, cheerful and, except in years of famine, well fed on simple but effective food. This is the type of man who forms the bulk of the Chinese army.

The life of a soldier in China, when compared to that of the British Tommy, presents a most Spartan picture. He is provided with only the barest necessities in his barracks and gets little more than just enough to live on. But from the life of a peasant to that of a soldier there is hardly any need for readjustment, particularly in regard to food and the hours of work. The main difference lies in the matter of discipline, which army trainers often find difficult to enforce in the case of those farmers who were once land-owners. But they are willing to subject themselves to discipline in the hope of going back to their land. The Chinese soldier has to learn to look after himself, even in barracks or in training, to a greater extent than the British Tommy or the American G.I. He has to wash his own clothes, do his own sewing and mending, plait his own straw-sandals, and bathe wherever he finds water. Until the very recent measures for raising his general standard of living, his ration for the past eight years had been scandalously inadequate. He rarely has enough money to buy cigarettes and drinking is not allowed within the barracks for men or for officers. Many of them have not seen their homes for seven or eight years, and those from Manchuria for as long as thirteen years. Postal service from occupied China to Free China still functions but only by devious routes, and these usually take a letter months to arrive. Letters when they come are usually handed out by the sergeant to his men after the morning drill, when the name of each addressee is read out. It sounds almost uncanny to the Chinese private that American troops in Europe could get two deliveries of post a day from their homes, and by air.

Many of the soldiers now in the army will no doubt return to their farms, but there will also be a number who after having been in the army and travelled about would probably prefer setting up a shop or going into a small business after the war. A number of them will no doubt play some part in the plan for

industrialization. Although China is never short of man-power, it is, nevertheless, difficult to visualize what type of people will form the backbone of the post-war industrial class. China's plans, as they stand, are so vast that the number of the pre-war industrial workers will naturally be found to be inadequate. The increased needs will have to be met by new recruits from the army as well as from other walks of life. There are today over 5 million troops in the field and half of that number under training. It is possible that over fifty per cent of this total will be directed into Government-owned industries when demobilized. The soldier returning to his own village to reclaim his land and to plough it again himself after it has lain idle for many years, or been tilled in his absence by his wife or mother, will need more direction and assistance from the Government than the Government at present realizes or anticipates. But it would be more than a pity if all the farmers now in the army should take to industrial work. For in some districts there is already a shortage of competent farmers, and as soon as the war is over, the shortage may grow into quite a problem.

Those who have travelled in the East will remember the number of Chinese shops in Malaya, Java, Siam, Burma and Indo-China. The Chinese is an excellent shopkeeper. He usually has his whole family working for him. In many cities in China, shops remain open till midnight and Sunday is usually a shopping day for all but the shopkeepers themselves. Most shops in China still observe the festivals and holidays on the Lunar Calendar which give them about a fortnight at the time of the New Year, a few days for the Dragon-Boat Festival, another three days at the Moon-Cake Festival and a day now and then according to tradition. A large number of shops in China are kept by women. The men are summoned from the back room only when a dispute arises. It is in shopkeeping that the Chinese sense of economy, hard work, cunning and fair play finds full expression. The most favourite sign in a shop in China, or anywhere else in the world where a Chinese shop is found, bears the four characters meaning "never are children and the aged cheated here"; a sign to which no one pays the least attention but which every prosperous shopkeeper still insists on putting up, usually in bold gilt characters. Before the war it was in handling imported goods that most money was made. A man starting a small business would try to handle as many imported goods as he could get; and as he grew in wealth his hopes were usually

directed towards an agency for some popular imported article. The war has, however, changed matters. After four years of isolation and with the growing lack of transport facilities, most shops have had only native goods to handle, and the profit on them now has grown in proportion to their scarcity. This has given more prestige to native goods than ever before.

Chinese women not only work in shops but also in the field. In such Provinces as Kwangsi, Yunnan and certain parts of Kwangtung and Chekiang, it is the woman who does practically all the physical work. Almost one-quarter of the labour that built the Burma Road was that of the proverbially weaker sex. It is hard to say whether these tough, industrious working women will contribute more towards China's post-war reconstruction than the small yet growing number of intellectual ladies who are beginning to play a part in politics and education. Although the law in China, ever since the establishment of the Republic in 1911, has guaranteed equality of political and social rights to women, the position of women in China is still much on the inner side of the threshold. Today, however, in Government and business establishments in Free China it is as common to see women as men. Whether one likes it or not, women are and will remain in public life. Apart from personal inclination, the exigencies of war have forced more women of all classes to work in public organizations than would have been conceivable ten years ago. Owing to the inflation, wives and daughters of most civil servants, teachers and technicians have had to earn their own living. While marriage remains the most popular career, the number of professional women has increased enormously since the war, particularly teachers, doctors, lawyers and welfare workers.

China's artisans have had a hard time in this war. In Free China, many carpenters, masons, stone-cutters and handicraftsmen have been called up. However, the number of master-journeymen has fortunately not been seriously reduced. Many foreigners and Chinese alike have mourned the decline of Chinese handicrafts. While it is true that the machine has taken the place of the hand in the production of many household articles and that there has been, in my personal opinion, considerable degeneration of taste since the Manchu Dynasty (1644-1911), particularly in design and colour, it would be grossly unfair to say that no good artisans exist in China today. In wood, bamboo and ivory carving, in fine wood-work, in picture-mounting, in

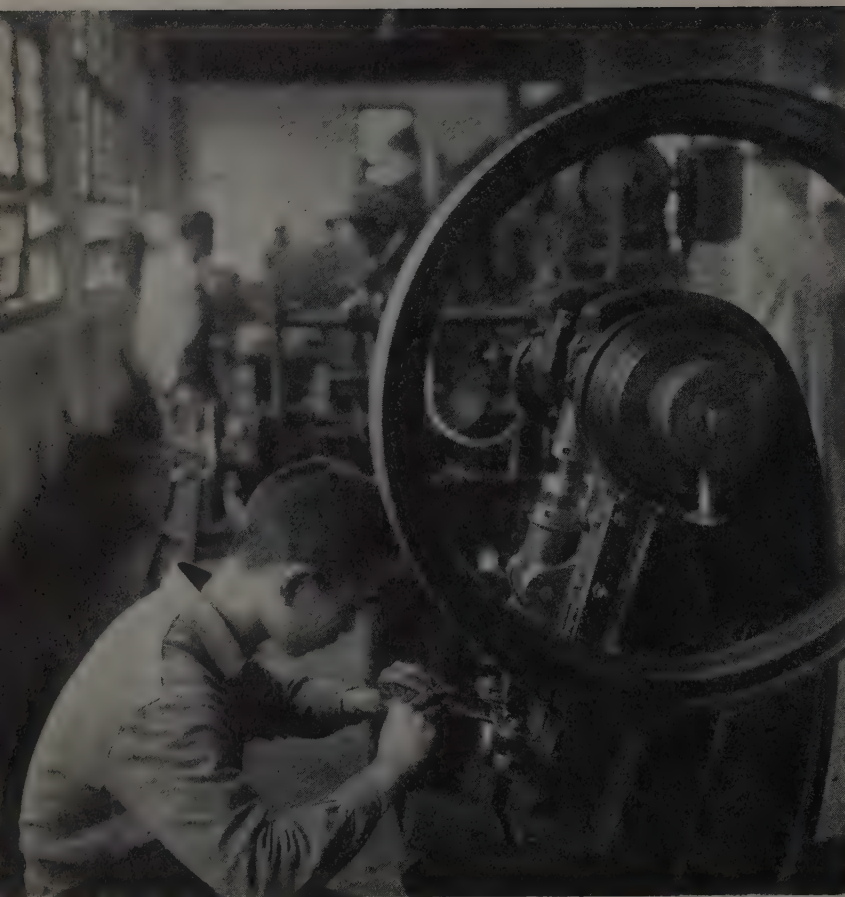
If the English are 'a nation of shopkeepers', similar qualities find full expression among the Chinese. The inscription over this food store reads: "New China Store; Purveyors of Western Candies, Fruits, Biscuits, Sea-Foods and Dried Vegetables"

Many shops are kept by women, who are also entering the professions and the administration in rapidly increasing numbers. Throughout Free China it is now common to find women teachers, doctors, welfare workers, lawyers and civil servants; such as the judge and clerk here seen in the civil branch of the court at Pishan

ni Muir

Toni Muir





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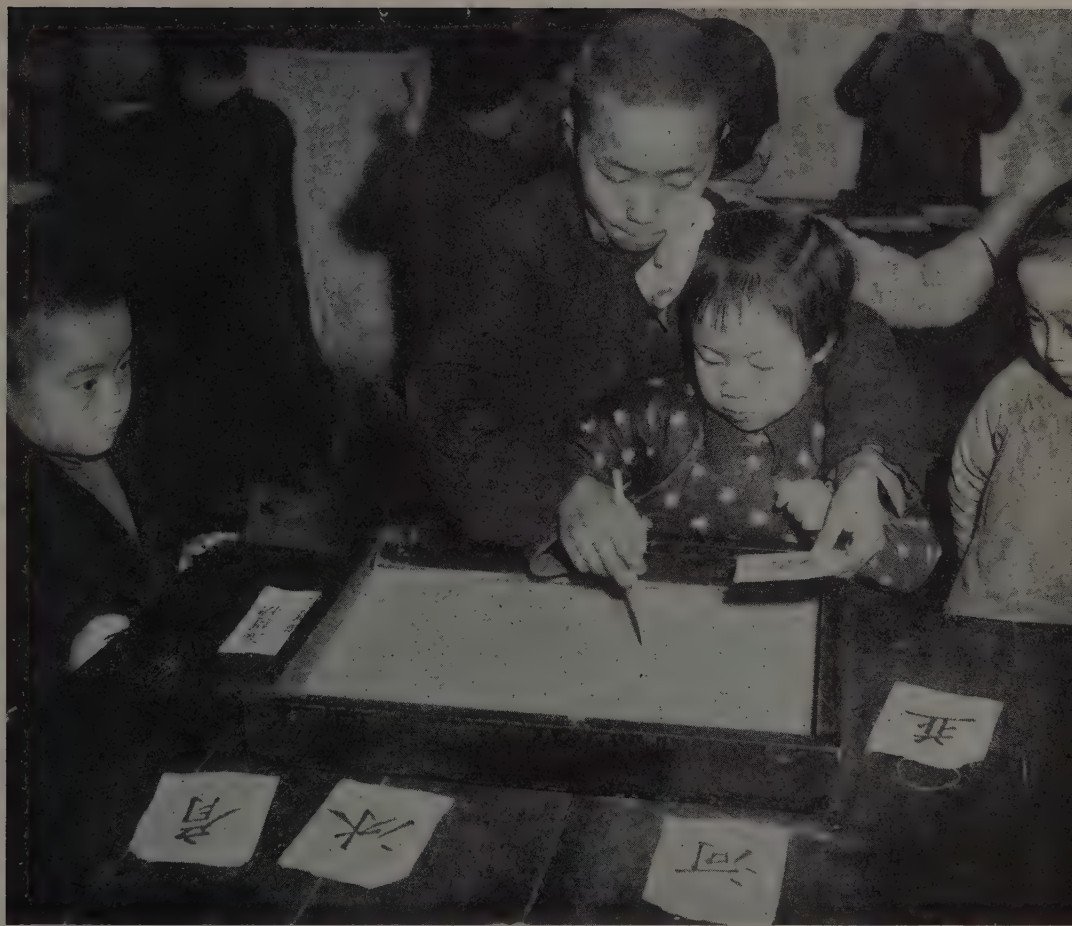
Nimble Chinese fingers have proved their value in the war effort by mastering highly skilled techniques, as at (left) the Government radio factory, Kweilin, where pupils receive a two-year course of instruction. Manual dexterity is a Chinese birthright, reinforced by (opposite) the learning of Chinese characters. To save scarce writing materials and the time of over-worked teachers, older children teach the tots to draw the characters in a sand-box

tile-glazing and in pottery it is still possible to find craftsmen in Peking, Nanking, Foochow, Soochow, Hangchow who can produce excellent specimens, if you yourself can give precise specifications. I have, more than once, had copies of bamboo and wood carvings made by artisans in Peking which passed as Ming or Chien Lung pieces with acknowledged experts.

The Chinese are gifted with extraordinarily nimble fingers. Rarely is a Chinese found with stubby or flabby hands. The long tapering fingers seem to be a racial feature, shared alike by the farmer and the poet. It is in the Chinese fingers that handicraft has survived the rise and fall of dynasties. The aristocracy of the finger becomes a fact when,

in Chinese painting, pictorial memory and the instantaneous reaction of the artist's mind are expressed in the irretrievable movements of the brush on an absorbent medium.

The extent to which the Chinese finger has contributed to China's war effort deserves a separate essay. Above all, it has proved its value in the mastery of highly skilled techniques achieved by the industrial worker and in his ability to improvise the manufacture of munitions with such tools and machinery, often by no means the best for the purpose, as could be assembled in the remoter parts of the country beyond the reach of enemy planes. It is the precision of the machine, not the artistry of the hand, that China has yet to acquire from the West.



Toni Muir

Whatever one may think of China's politics or the existing Government, it is important to note that there has been considerable social progress amongst the people. Literacy has increased and education for the masses is steadily gathering its own momentum. The war has fostered a keener awareness than ever before of China's own needs and spread more knowledge of and interest in foreign affairs than would have been possible under normal conditions in such a short time. Chatting with two illiterate farmers in a tea-house in Mengtsz, Yunnan, about four years ago, I was struck by the fact that both had heard of Tobruk and knew something of the military campaign there. One of them, in fact, assured me that whichever side had the most

tanks would win, because Tobruk was a place where tanks could be effective. This awareness of the world has shortened China's educational process by at least twenty to thirty years.

The modernization of China will have to be achieved gradually by social and economic progress in the masses, not, as some people seem to think, by the number of students returned from America or England. While it is true that many important positions are now being held by returned students from abroad, the real wheel of progress is turned, not by them, but by the people, made up of farmers, artisans, shopkeepers, village officials, native-trained doctors, and such people as my friend Mr Chu.

Masked Plays of South-Eastern Nigeria

by G. I. JONES

The author of the present article is a District Officer in the Nigerian administrative service. For a description of the main geographical and cultural relationships of West Africa, readers are referred to Dr Julian Huxley's article entitled West Africa: a Region? in our June number

"At night I was visited by a Mumbo Jumbo, an Idol which is among the Mundingoes a kind of cunning mystery. It is dressed in a long coat made of the bark of trees with a tuft of fine straw on the top of it, and when the person wears it, it is about 8 or 9 foot high. This is a thing invented by the men to keep their wives in awe, who are so ignorant or at least are obliged to pretend to be so, as to take it for a wild man, and indeed no one but what knows it would take it to be a man by reason of the dismal noise it makes and which but few of the natives can manage. . . . Whoever is in the coat can order the others to do what he pleases, either fight, kill or make prisoner. . . . Whenever anyone enters into this society they swear in the most solemn manner never to divulge it to any woman or any person that is not entered into it, which they never allow to boys under sixteen years of age."

So wrote Francis Moore, a factor to the Royal Africa Company on the Gambia River in 1735. Similar masked figures can be found parading about in Nigerian villages to this day. Indeed this type of play is common throughout the wooded grasslands and forest areas of all West and West Central Africa. Cattle cannot survive in these tsetse-fly regions and the people depend on agriculture for their livelihood. At the beginning of the year they clear the land with cutlass and fire, then when the rains have softened the ground they take their hoes and scrape the soil and humus together into raised beds in which they plant their yams, taro and other root and grain crops. By December the rains are over, the harvest in, men and women have leisure for feasting and playing, and these raffia or straw-covered figures parade round the villages to the delight and awe of the women and children.

It is not surprising that the tribes with the most developed traditions of carving and sculpture in wood are those living deep in the forest areas. Protected by the forest from

outside enemies they have largely escaped the destruction and disorganization of slave raids and wars with other more warlike peoples; and their unending struggle against the forest has given them a mastery of the cutlass, knife,

Mastery of the wood-carver's art is natural to dwellers in the West African forest zone. This Ibo head, resembling a helmeted Roman, represents in fact a female and a form of hairdressing with clay, charcoal and oil



axe and adze—the primitive sculptor's tools. Their staple crops will not live under shade, nor will they grow if too much of the vegetation cover is removed and the soil laid open to the heavy tropical rainfall. Each village community so plans its farming that the greater part of the land is always under dense vegetation but none of it is left fallow long enough to revert to high forest. Before this can happen, the fifteen-foot-high jungle of bushes, creepers and saplings is cut down, allowed to dry and then burnt. The roots are left, the farm being made among them, and by the time the crops are ready for harvest the angle has sent out new shoots to cover the land with foliage once again. As the population increases, more forest is converted into farms till no more forest land remains and the village can only increase its farming by reducing the period that the land lies fallow.

This is what has happened to the Ibo and Ibibio country between the Niger and the Cross River, the most densely populated part of Nigeria. All the land is now parcelled out amongst a host of villages, each a self-governing independent community, intent on maintaining its territories intact against the encroachment of its neighbours. West of the Niger the rain forest still acts as a buffer between them and the Yoruba and Benin states, while in the east are the forests and mountains of the Cameroons border.

South of this Ibo and Ibibio hinterland is the Delta of the Niger, a vast and dismal expanse of mangrove and freshwater swamps, traversed by broad estuaries and creeks of muddy water through which the Niger and other rivers of South Nigeria find their way to the sea. The ground is too waterlogged or brackish for farming and the Ijaw people who live there are fishermen who spend most of their time in canoes plying between their

fishing grounds and the dry-land markets where they trade their smoke-dried catch with the farmers for yams and other food. The tribes are small and widely scattered, and their villages overcrowded slums, with houses piled on top of each other and raised above the swamp, at first on stilts and later on the middens that have accumulated beneath them in the course of centuries.

The Ibo, Ijaw and Ibibio boy learns to handle a woodman's tools as soon as he can walk. By the time he is a man he can hack away with his cutlass and axe at the buttress roots of great mahoganies or other hardwoods till he has brought them down, then trim them with adze and hollow them with fire, stretch them with wedges and baulks, drag them through the forest on rollers, and finally launch them as fifty-paddle war canoes or five-puncheon trading vessels. Or he can split lengths off the fallen trees for planks and doors, or cut them into blocks and trim these into stools, mortars, bowls and dishes. If his fancy takes him and he has a flair for sculpture, he can work the smaller blocks into figures, heads, masks and other carvings. Wood is the Negro sculptor's chief medium for self-expression; the material is cheap and abundant, the technique is innate, and in most of the tribes there is a traditional style of carving to inspire him, a tradition as old and as vital as the spirits and bogeys of his folk-tales.

It is in these forest or once-forest regions that Nigerian masked plays reach their greatest development. Whether simple or elaborate they all possess a number of common features which have survived intact to the present day. There is for example a religious or magical element; the identity of the masked player is never disclosed and the Mumbo-Jumbo figures are supposed to be supernatural beings who can help or harm the village. There is a disciplinary element; the 'wild men' are to keep the women and uninitiated in awe, while the men who produce the play are initiates of a secret society and compelled to preserve its mysteries and obey its rules. Finally there is an element of pageantry and display; however secret the society there is always an occasion when the community is inspired by the spectacle of the supernatural beings parading round in public, resplendent in all the finery the society can provide; a demonstration that it is no anti-social cabal of witches, but one which brings good fortune to the village by ministering to the needs of these spirits.

The culture-pattern of the particular tribe determines which of these elements is the



Stanford, London



(Left) In Cross River spirit plays a figure is paraded; often the 'familiar' of a secret society with, as here, a skin-covered head. Formerly non-members remained indoors. (Right) Similar magical sanctions attended the Ibibio ghost play, Ekpo; during its secret performance armed members of the society in fierce black masks lurked about paths leading to the village to exclude non-members

most developed. Thus on the Cross River, the home of magic and witchcraft, the most important feature of the masked plays is their secret society organization; and the feeling of fear has been so developed that the society can close the village and compel non-members to remain indoors while it performs secret ceremonies and sacrifices. The display element remains comparatively undeveloped and is limited to the parade of one or two horrific figures wearing horns or a human skull, or the dried head of a corpse, or more usually a head carved out of wood and covered with skin to make it appear more real.

Most Ibo tribes, on the other hand, have much less regard for magical or religious sanctions and an ultra-democratic and independent temper. The discipline exercised by Ibo masked plays is consequently slight, the secret society and initiation side is negligible, while the religious aspect is reduced in many villages to the feeling that if

the play is not performed some calamity may befall the village.

Again there are many Ibo, Ibibio and Ijaw groups which possess considerable talent for artistic expression. Here the play itself is the important thing; the supernatural element, particularly the feeling of fear, recedes and comedy and a sense of fun takes its place. Each village lavishes its money on making the masks and costumes as fine as possible, while drumming, dancing, singing and acting are introduced. Usually this acting is limited to each mask playing its own particular rôle without regard to the other characters, but in a few plays the masks act together in a complete drama. In one Ogoni play, for instance, all the masks appear as a group of decrepit old men and hold a meeting guying the local village elders. In another play the mask called 'Doctor', after boasting greatly of the potency of his medicines, tries them out on the mask called 'Rain Maker' and

poisons him; in terror he appeals to Kamalu, the god of the rain, and after much comic byplay and bargaining as to the value of the sacrifice he must make to Kamalu, he succeeds in bringing 'Rain Maker' to life again.

There are three main varieties of these masked plays; the mermaid or water-spirit play of the Ijaw, the ghost play of the Ibo and Ibibio, and the spirit play of the Cross River and other regions, the latter being the most primitive and widely distributed of all.

In the Owu and related plays of the Ijaw the figures represent spirits living in the rivers and estuaries and they carry masks worn on top of the head and facing upward, as though appearing on the surface of the water. Legend relates that one of these plays was introduced by a poor fisherman, so poor he was obliged to go fishing one Eke night—the Ijaw Sunday or day of rest. The tide was out, the moon full and by its light he saw the water-spirits playing on the St Nicholas river bar. They had golden faces and clothes and their heads were twisted backwards. The fisherman watched them unobserved, memorized the play and came home to teach it to the village. Some

An Ijaw Owu mask, coloured red and yellow. Combining human, animal and reptile features (note the lizards in its smile), it might well represent the Spirit of Snags



of these Owu spirits are represented in human form, others as hippopotami, crocodiles and fishes, and others are surrealist combinations of all these. One of the latter, the spirit of Snags, is said to live amongst the mangrove roots from which he creeps to rise up underneath unwary canoes and capsize them, dragging down the occupants to perish in the mangrove ooze.

The Ibo and Ibibio ghost plays have characters wearing true masks, that is, masks worn over the face of the masker. The characters in these plays were originally supposed to be ancestral spirits, but the plays have developed to such an extent that most of the present masks are really mythological characters, particularly amongst the Ibo. The Northern Ibo play is usually called Mau (Ghost) and still consists, in a few villages, of two or three raffia-clad figures of the Mumbo-Jumbo type though not so tall. In other villages the play contains a great variety of characters wearing masks or carved heads, or occasionally both together. Some of these characters are masculine and some feminine, some are fierce, some comic and some beautiful, the latter mainly feminine. The fierce characters, when the play is being performed, keep the crowd back by charging it and threatening to strike people with their whips. Some which combine the features of lion, elephant and buffalo are so fierce that they are kept on a leash by burly attendants. The comic masks amuse the crowd by their clowning, and the beautiful ones do most of the dancing—first the daughter masks, then the mother masks and finally a solo dance by the grandmother.

When the play has just begun a white-faced mask with a cavalry moustache, wearing white ducks and a spotless sun-helmet, stalks into the arena and casts a supercilious eye over the scene. The play stops, the mask languidly signals to them to proceed and strolls over to sit amongst the audience in the seat of honour. This character is Oyibo the White Man.

Besides this public play the Mau society has a secret play, performed at night so that people may not see the performers, who steal through the homesteads calling to each other through voice-disguisers and passing comment on the conduct of those villagers who have misbehaved themselves. These midnight voices are the real ancestors.

Further south the name of the play changes and the characters become more diverse. The beautiful masks dance more frenziedly with rattles on their ankles, stamping in time to the staccato rhythm of the drummers: not



A 'daughter mask' dances in the Northern Ibo Mau play. Her costume is of native cotton cloth with red, green and yellow embroidery

mothers and daughters this time, but women of the world—Akunakuna the Harlot, Oga-zuribo the woman who keeps changing her husband, Nwanyure the proud woman.

More of the fierce and comic masks are borrowed from folklore. There is the Thunder Ram hurled by the Thunder spirit to batter down trees and houses; there is the Kingfisher, the bird who was so proud of his

wealth that he put it all into a canoe to take to show his relations. The canoe capsized and all his wealth went to the bottom; he is now so poor he cannot even build himself a house but has to live in holes in the river-bank. All day he dives fruitlessly into the river trying to recover his money.

There is the Tortoise, the Ibo Brer Rabbit, who sneaks round behind the audience picking their pockets; and there is a particularly fierce mask—the bogey man for little children who are faddy about their food. His arrival is heralded by the screaming of children, whose exasperated mothers pretend to abandon them to him and keep repeating the Ibo equivalent of "Now will you eat up your rice pudding?"

Another variant of the ghost play called Ifogu is found amongst the Ada Ibo tribes on the Cross River. Boys in these tribes undergo a very elaborate initiation which is divided into four age-groups, each group being initiated by the one immediately senior to it. The full initiation takes seven years and only those who have completed it can perform the play. Boys in the third age-group have their own play, Isiji, which they perform at the end of their seclusion.

Amongst the Ibibio the ghost play, Ekpo, was a more fierce and terrifying production. There was the same division into male and female and fierce, beautiful and comic masks, but the fierce masks meant business and were not only there for fun. There is an Ibibio legend of a raiding party being put to flight in terror at the sudden appearance of a man whose face had been eaten away by one of the more repulsive of tropical diseases. The legend is repeated in the twisted faces and eroded mouths and noses of some of the fierce masks. The Ekpo society exercised far more social and political power than those which perform the Ibo ghost plays. There were two main divisions of the play: a public display which could be seen by non-members, though at their peril, and a secret ceremony at which human sacrifices were alleged to be made to the Eka Ekpo—the Mother of the ghosts, who was represented either by a masker wearing a large mask with many faces, or by a large wooden statue. During the period when Ekpo was being played armed members of the society in fierce black masks lurked about the paths leading to the village. Non-members, particularly strangers, were expected to avoid the village and in former days were said to have been killed or held to ransom.

The third variety of play, the spirit play, is typical of the Cross River area. True masks



The Northern Ibo Mau play includes fierce animal masks combining the features of lion, elephant and buffalo



(Right, top) Among the Ada Ibo tribes on the Cross River, boys of the third initiation age-group have their own play, Isiji. The initiates are clad in light green palm fronds and tall masks of dark green leaves ornamented with bright stripes of cloth or raffia. (Bottom) The age-group above Isiji are the initiators and provide the chorus



are not worn and the old forms of the public play, where these still survive, consist of the parade of a raffia-covered figure which was supposed to be either the embodiment of a local nature-spirit, or merely a familiar of the secret society. More elaborate plays had two figures, usually a fierce and a beautiful one. The fierce one appeared first and drove off the crowd before the arrival of the so-called beautiful one who was either tall, with the costume attached to a skin-covered head resting on the masker's own head, or else very short and squat with a large 'Janus' head enveloping the masker's own head and resting on his shoulders. Seen in the dusty show-

cases of museums these heads are merely revolting and ugly; but in their right setting, when they appear in the full panoply of their society, their tightly-drawn skin luminous with oil, they achieve the macabre and supernatural to a degree unequalled in any of the other masked plays.

Like the Ibibio Ekpo, these plays originally had a secret play with the same dreadful ritual, and members of the society were supposed to possess as their 'bush souls' elephants, hippopotami, crocodiles, leopards and other ferocious animals. If a hippopotamus came out of the river and laid waste your farm, you went to a diviner to find out



which member's bush soul had done it; and when you knew the offender you paid him compensation for having unwittingly displeased him, lest his bush soul should repeat the damage. If you yourself were a member of the society, you demanded compensation from him for letting his bush soul damage a colleague's property.

Under the name Ekpe this play spread to parts of the Ibo area; here the heads are no longer covered with skin and become Ibo in style. In one of these plays the fierce mask represents the spirit of an elephant and the beautiful one his wife. This Ekpe play now survives only as a dance or a play for small

boys. It was superseded by a play of similar type in which the secret society was given a financial bias, being organized into a number of ascending grades: the higher the grade, the higher the fee and the higher the social status of the initiate. As these fees were shared by those already initiated, membership, particularly in the higher grades, amounted to a financial investment which returned a steady dividend as long as people continued to join the society. The public play contained one or more fierce and beautiful figures, this time without carved heads or masks, and wearing skin-tight net costumes of coloured raffia.

There is a variety of dance which has



In one of the Ibo Ekpe plays the spirits of an elephant and his wife appear. He originally had large leather ears; hers, made of wood, are more delicate. (Opposite) This is the elephant's wife in action, garlanded with a necklace of charms consisting of knotted palm leaves

A complete figure used in an Ibo fertility dance called Ugbo in which it was paraded on the head of a bearer with cloth streamers hanging from a wheel on a pole. This went through the hole beneath the stool on which it is seated. Originally coloured, it is now black, having been preserved in the roof of a hut and become encrusted with the smoke of years



some resemblance to masked plays. In this a trophy or cult object is carried about on a dancer's head. In one form it occurs as a war dance in which a trophy of human heads used to be paraded with an escort of armed attendants; in another as a fertility dance in which a carved figure or head was carried round accompanied by a chorus of dancing and singing women. These trophy dances differed from the masked plays in that the trophy or image used in them was a symbol and not in itself a spirit; the identity of the carrier was not concealed; and there was no secret society or ritual attached to it. But it is not so easy to distinguish between the newer types of masked plays and trophy dances. Both are continually being changed and modified, and except in a few remote or ultra-conservative villages, masked plays and trophy dances have to keep up with the times or be replaced by newer and more exciting ones.

In some cases, for example the Ibo Mau, the play survives through its capacity to absorb and incorporate new characters, and even new plays. In other cases the play dies but its favourite characters reappear in a new play copied from elsewhere, as in the southern Ibo plays. In yet other cases the older play, shorn of its secret and religious elements, degenerates



When the social or religious sanctions attached to a play decline, it sometimes degenerates into a boys' play. Boys of the Cross River Ibo waiting their turn to perform their own play: they provide a masked orchestra for another play and have pushed their masks up onto their heads to keep cool

into a secular dance or boys' play. Today masked plays with much secret or religious ritual have died out in the more sophisticated communities, and only those of a spectacular nature remain. The wealthier and more educated young men are unwilling to join any society which has to do with 'Heathen' practices and which would incidentally bring them more under the control of their 'Heathen' elders. Occasionally a compromise is reached. Some Abuan water-spirit plays now divide into two sections: a 'Heathen' one responsible for the religious ritual and masks, and a 'Christian' one which provides most of the finery and the newer and

'secular' masks. In a few places the elders have given way and agreed to the play being continued as a 'secular' play. Elsewhere the plays with religious and magical attributes have succumbed to newer plays that have lost these qualities.

Thus the masked plays are being maintained, through the force of tradition and the creative powers of the people in the coastal forests of Nigeria, as a lively element in the recreation, art and ritual of daily life; and they seem likely to persist long after the religious and social sanctions with which they were once connected have ceased to be significant.

Some Nigerian Masks

by G. I. JONES

WEST AFRICAN Negro sculpture can be divided into Primitive and Barbaric. The former, the product of a long unbroken native tradition, is more aesthetically mature and appeals more to contemporary European taste; in the latter the primitive has become modified by the impact of a higher culture, as for example in the Yoruba or Cameroons Grassland styles which retain the vitality but lack the depth and serenity of the true primitive. The Primitive sculpture has a number of very distinct styles, three of which, Ibibio, Ibo and Ijaw, are illustrated in the following plates and in the accompanying article on Masked Plays.

Ibibio sculpture produces forms which are smooth and rounded with delicate curves and a careful finish. The eyes are large and set wide apart, the lips full and carefully modelled and the nose very reduced in size. Some of the masks, particularly the superbly proportioned black Ekpo masks, have a general resemblance to the well-known Baule and Baluba styles of the Ivory Coast and Belgian Congo and it is therefore surprising that they have received so little notice from the connoisseur.

Ibo conventions are the opposite of Ibibio; straight lines and diagonals replace curves wherever possible, eyes are reduced to horizontal slits, lips become thin and emaciated, noses prominent with thin nostrils and high bridge. This gives a strangely un-African appearance to many of the white-faced masks.

Ijaw sculpture, though closer to Ibo than to Ibibio in style, differs considerably from either, particularly in its love of abstract or highly conventionalized forms: eyes become lozenges, cylinders or spheres, noses are changed to inverted crosses, nostrils are often represented as coiled snakes and chins resemble the stems of canoes.

Ibibio, Ibo and Ijaw sculpture is confined mainly to statues, complete figures, heads and masks, particularly the latter. The Ibo and Ibibio masks are true masks covering the face of the player, who looks out through the eye-holes. Ijaw masks are not and are worn on top of the player's head, his face being veiled by cloth which is sufficiently transparent for him to see through it.

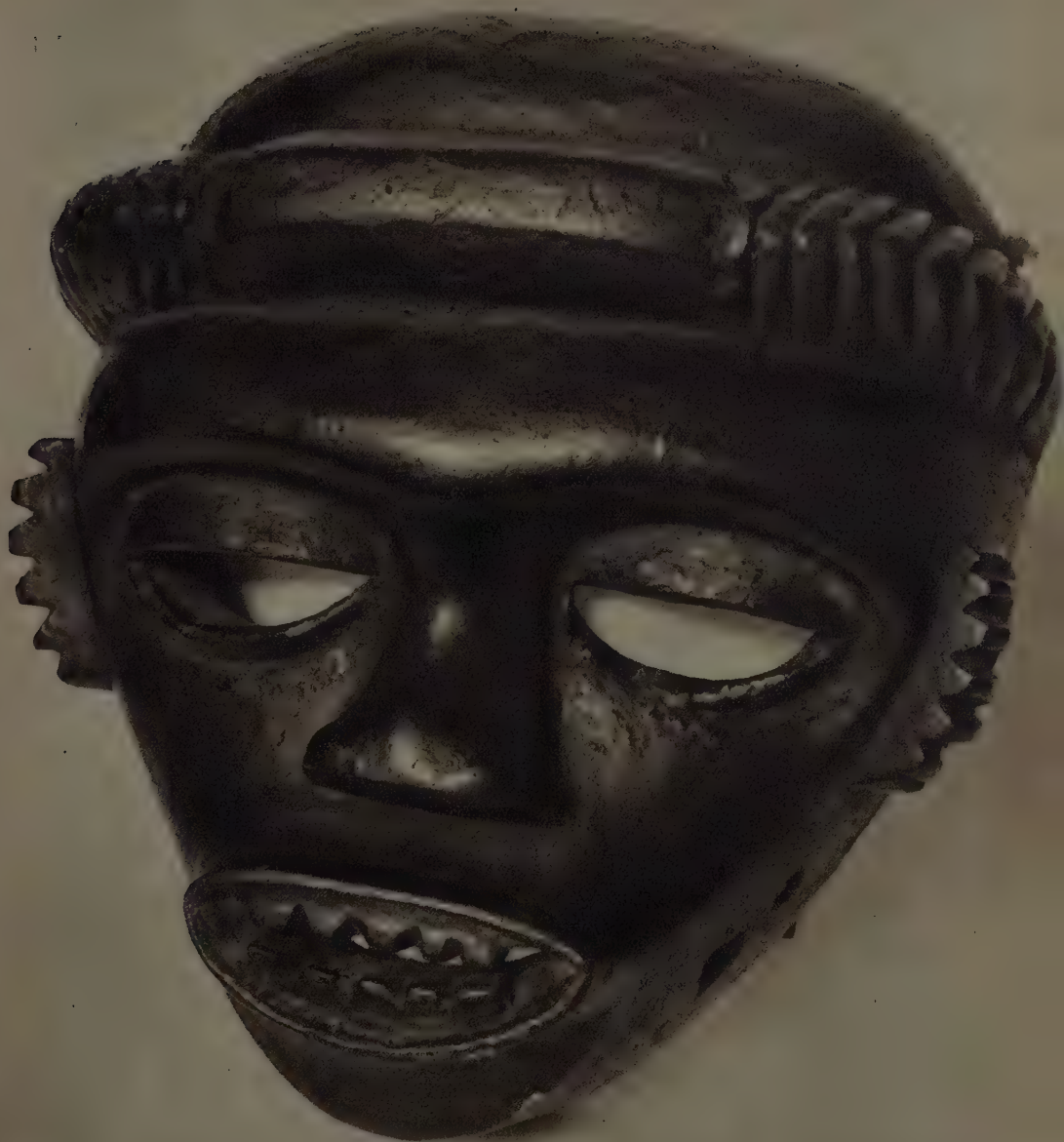
The true masks subdivide into masculine and feminine, fierce and beautiful characters. The fierce are usually masculine and are dark or black in colour. They are primarily in-

tended to inspire terror, though some have degenerated into comic characters. The first and seventh of the masks illustrated in the following plates are of this type: fierce masks from the Ibibio Ekpo plays, representing male ancestral spirits. The first carries around its forehead an Idiong ring, the distinguishing insignia of a powerful and much-feared secret society.

The 'beautiful' masks are usually feminine and have white or light-coloured faces. All but one of the other plates show such masks from the Ibo and Ibibio plays; and a few points of particular interest may be noted. The fifth plate is the mask called Nwanyure, the 'proud woman', mentioned on page 194. The two small figures on its head may represent either children or accompanying spirits. The black head-covering on the mask in the sixth plate is not a cap but a form of hair-dressing, in which the hair is set in decorative shapes with a fixing paste of oil, charcoal and clay. Hair dressed in this fashion indicates wealth and position since the wearer cannot engage in any manual labour which involves carrying a load on her head. The lips are opened, exposing the teeth to simulate talking as the mask represents a garrulous female. The mask shown in the eighth plate is an Ibo mask; but the carver was evidently influenced by Ibibio carving and the mask is a mixture of the two styles with Ibo predominating.

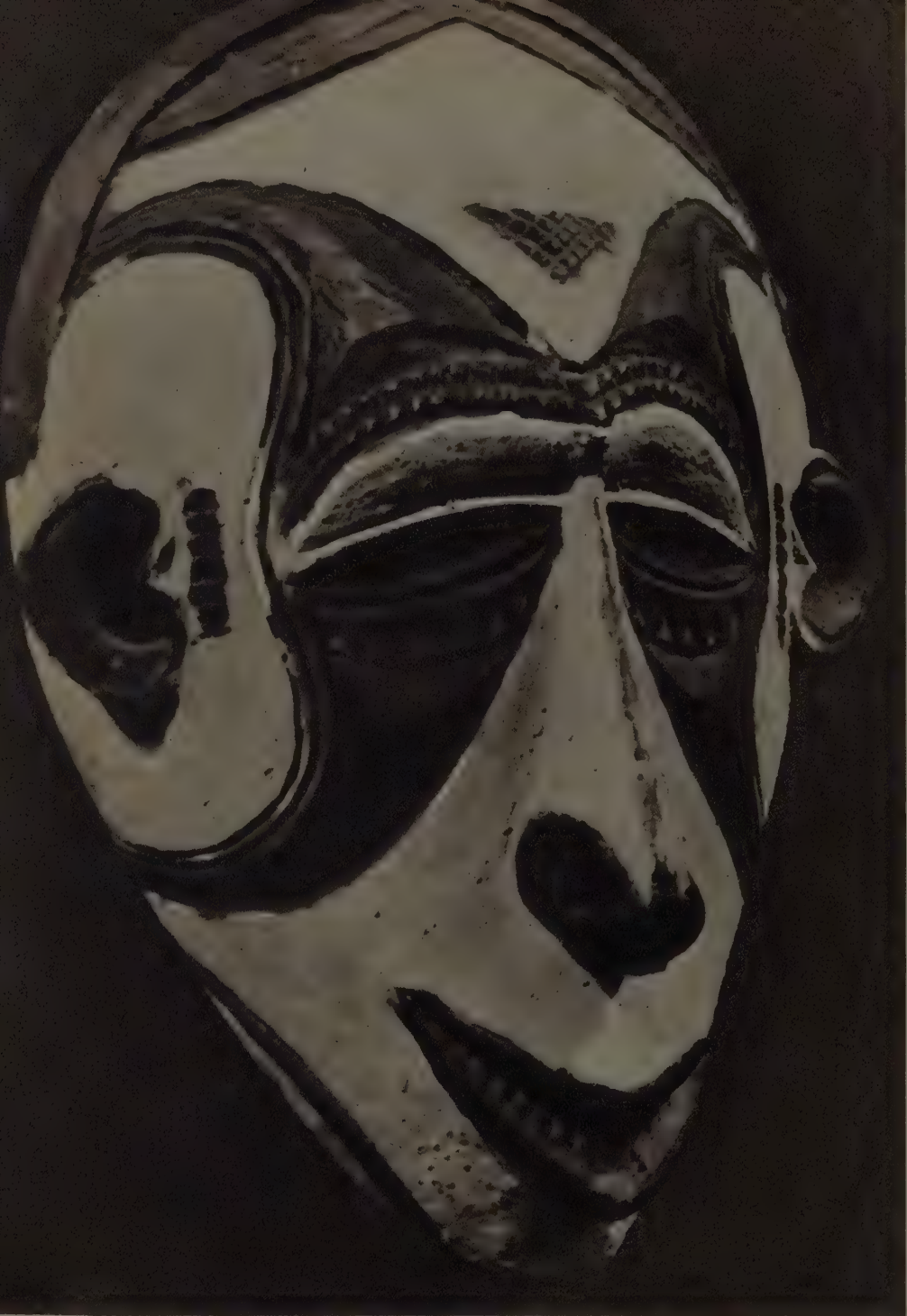
Finally, the fourth plate shows an Ijaw mask, representing a water-spirit (see page 193) and therefore designed to be worn on top of the head, as though appearing on the surface of the water.

The age of West African sculpture in wood has been greatly exaggerated. Even under the best conditions wood does not survive for long in such a hot moist climate. It is the tradition or style of the carving that is ancient and it is the inspiration of the artist that is all-important. If he has preserved the vision of his ancestors so that his carvings express the religious and other emotions that inspired them he can still produce artistic masterpieces, but when he has lost this vision his work only too faithfully reflects the confusion of his mind. Except in remote areas contemporary Ibo and Ijaw sculpture, though it preserves the styles traditional to these peoples, loses itself in over-elaboration of detail, while Ibibio art has degenerated into a barbaric and unsuccessful imitation of European classical forms.



All photographs by G. I. Jones

An Ibibio 'fierce' mask representing a male ancestor

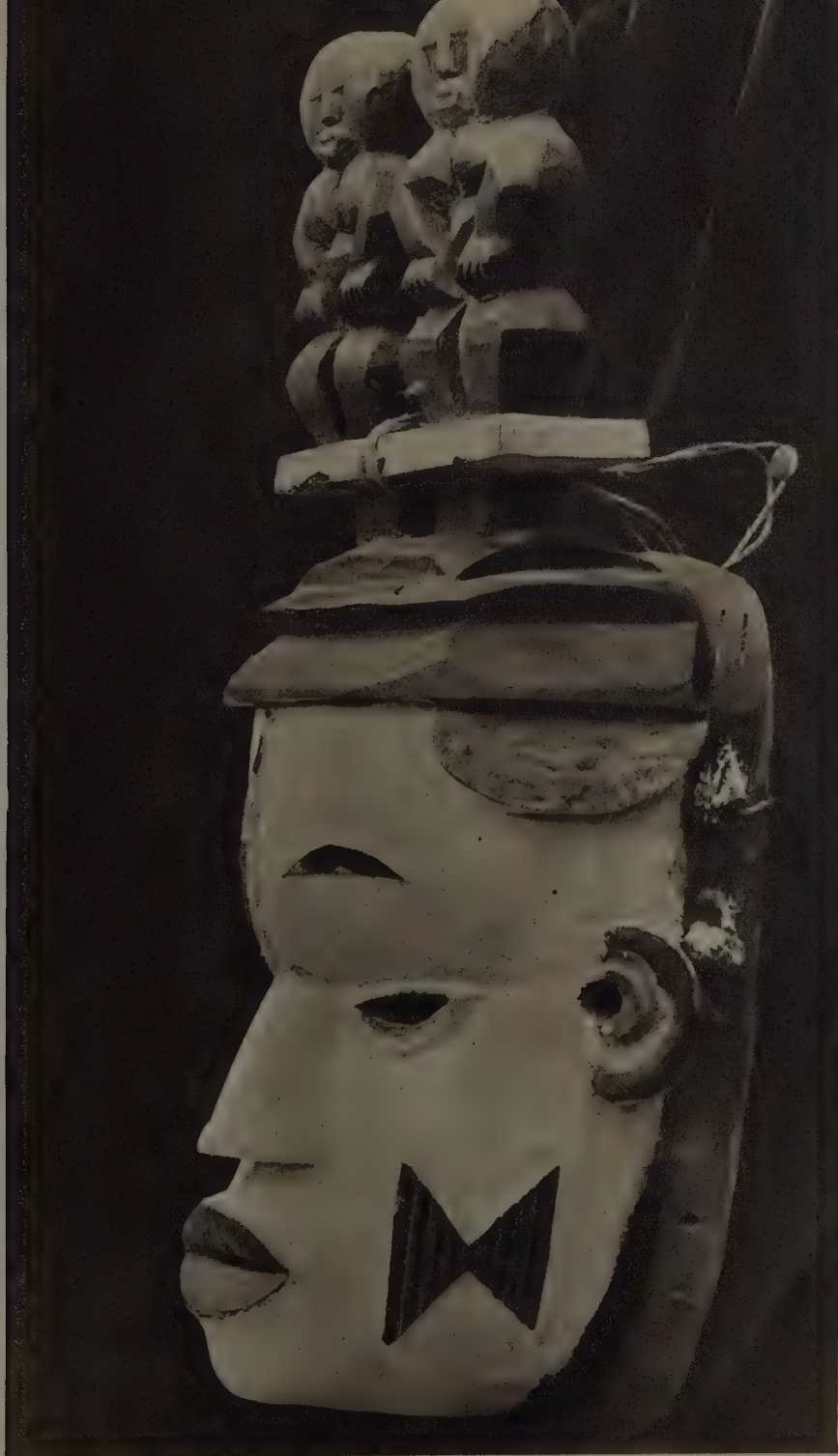




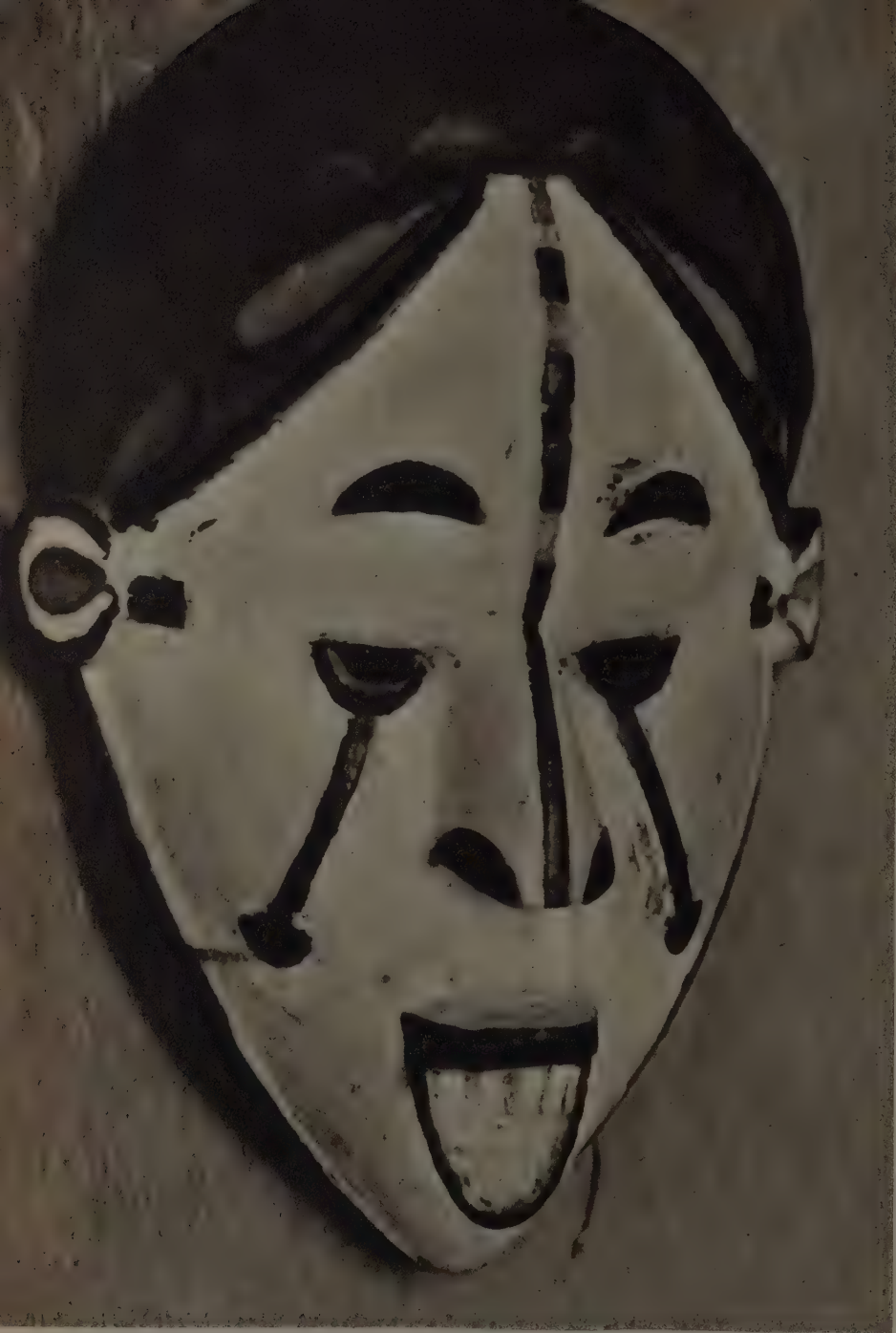
(Opposite) An Ibo 'beautiful' mask representing a female character, painted in white, black and red. (Above) An Ibibio 'beautiful' mask representing a female ancestral spirit. It is stained black except for the face which is natural wood now dark with age



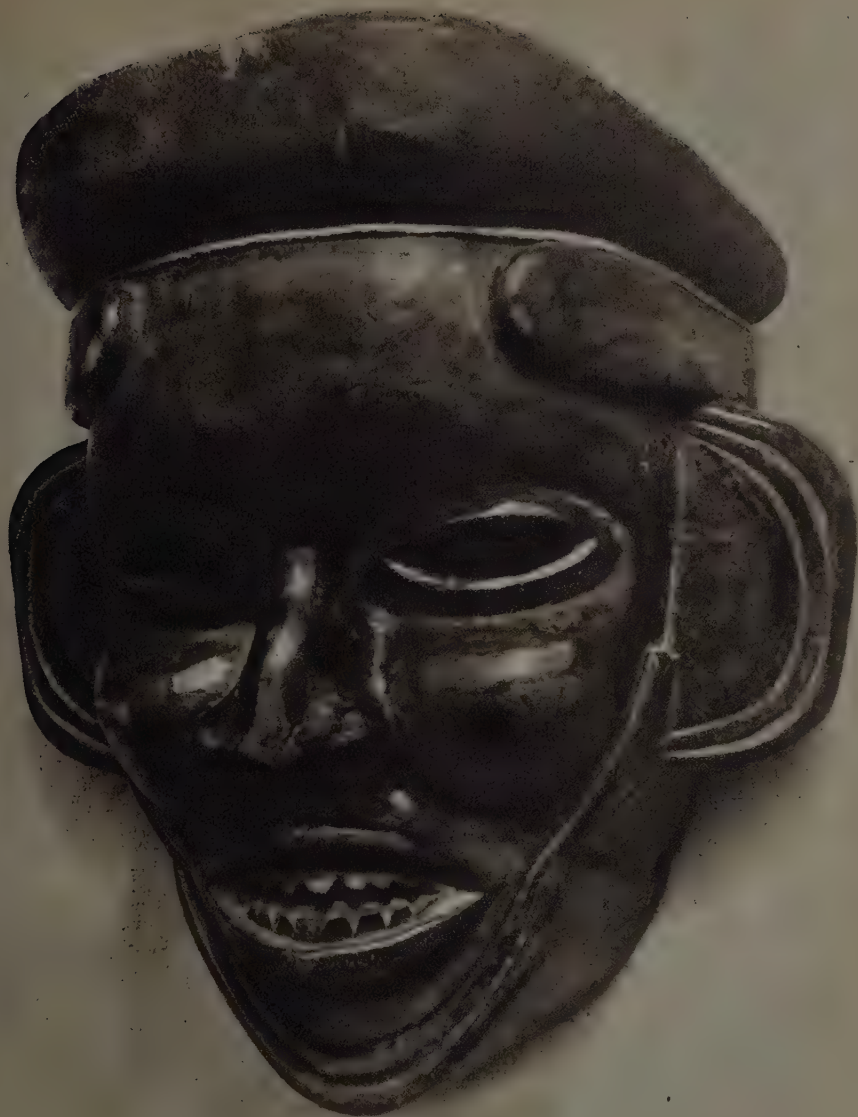
An Ijaw mask representing a water spirit. It was never used, so remained unpainted



An Ibo 'beautiful' mask, coloured white, red and black



An Ibo 'beautiful' mask, in white, black and yellow, repainted with bootblackening and whitewash



An Ibibio 'fierce' mask representing an ancestral spirit, stained black and later varnished



An Ibo 'beautiful' mask, painted white, black and red

Holland's Uphill Peace

by J. H. HUIZINGA

Formerly London correspondent of the Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant, Mr Huizinga was in Holland this year as a member of the Netherlands Military Administration. At a time when the plight of our defeated enemies will be increasingly brought to our attention, his article reminds us what a high price liberation is costing our friends

LIKE Gaul, liberated Holland is divided into three parts. What was once a closely knit whole has been rudely torn asunder into three separate regions, which for the time being have but little communication with one another and all three of which are living on different levels of economic recovery. For unlike most other countries of Europe which have been liberated at one blow, the Netherlands have been freed piecemeal. The great divide, of course, is between the South and the North. The six to eight months which separate the tragedy of Arnhem from the glorious and final victories of this spring may not seem a long time in a war which had already lasted more than five years. But to northern Holland they were the straw that almost broke the camel's back. For it was in these nightmare winter months that the great man-hunts, inundations and demolitions were carried out. Nor was it only this last outburst of the *Furor Teutonicus* which forced northern Holland ever deeper into the abyss while southern Holland was already laboriously working its way upward. Equally disastrous was the mere fact of separation itself. Imagine London and the home counties suddenly and hermetically sealed off from the mining districts, and you may be able to get some idea of the complete paralysis of national life, to say nothing of the human misery, that was North Holland's lot during the autumn, winter and spring of 1944-5.

At the same time that, with the halting of the Allied advance on the Rhine estuary, the Netherlands were cut into two parts, a further process of disintegration set in in the occupied northern part as the result of the railway strike, called by the Netherlands Government in London in September of last year to assist Allied military operations, and loyally carried out by more than 30,000 Dutch railway workers to the bitter end. And what a bitter end it was. The Germans retaliated by disinteresting themselves completely from the provisioning of the big cities in the West and, in fact, impeded, with all their might and cunning, such improvised attempts at bringing in supplies from outside as could still be made.

Thus the highly urbanized West was not only cut off from the agricultural East and North-East, but was itself, through the complete absence of transport, split up into a great number of isolated communities. Finally, the division of the country into separate regions was still further accentuated when in the first half of April 1945 the Eastern provinces, already almost entirely sealed off from the West for several months past, were liberated, and another, though this time briefer, pause had to follow before the Germans could be induced to give up their last stand in the so-called 'Fortress Holland'.

The effects of this liberation of the Netherlands in three different stages are clearly visible as one travels along the main route taken by the Allied armies. Entering Holland from the south, one is hardly surprised to find that here a semblance of normal life has been restored. There is light and gas, even if only



Stanford, London

for a few hours a day; here and there a smoking chimney-stack provides welcome evidence that at least a few, very few, wheels of industry are turning again; and, most encouraging sight of all, an occasional incredibly crowded train puffs and plods through the tranquil Dutch countryside. Life in these regions is still extremely sober; and the transaction of even the simplest business is beset with endless difficulties and subject to irksome delays. Such delays are perhaps the least tolerable of hardships for a people which, after five years of destruction and dislocation, is understandably impatient to set its sadly disordered house in order again. The few trains that are running take hours for a journey that would normally take half the time. There are practically no alternative means of transport, for motor-cars are extremely scarce and petrol hard to come by. The telephone, that tremendous saver of

time and energy, is functioning only on an extremely limited scale.

In short, the reintegration of modern economic life, which is impossible without the restoration of proper communications and transport, is still only beginning. Trade moves at a snail's pace through the narrowest and most tortuous channels. *Eppur si muove!* The paralysis in which the region was left at the end of military operations in September of last year has been broken; and slowly, very slowly, the economic machine is beginning to gather impetus. What had to be done to set it in motion would fill a book: repairs of every conceivable kind on a scale which can perhaps best be illustrated by mentioning just one example, that of the electricity grid, which in the province of Brabant alone was damaged in no less than 1200 places. But no repairs, however extensive, would have enabled the machine to be started up again without the coal required to provide the necessary energy, the raw materials to work upon and the transport necessary to move both the one and the other. These three, coal, raw materials and transport, though far from being the only conditions for reconstruction, are the keys to recovery. They will recur throughout this article, as indeed they recur throughout all discussions about the solution of Holland's thousand-fold problems. They are the end and the beginning of all things, you can never get away from them; and inasmuch as the speed with which, and the quantities in which they can be obtained do not depend on Holland's efforts alone, they render the prospects for Dutch recovery largely dependent on factors outside Holland's control and therefore unpredictable.

* * *

Crossing the river at Arnhem to enter the second region, the Eastern and North-Eastern provinces, which were only liberated in April of this year, the scene at first seems to change but little. There are the same broken-down bridges at every canal, every river, every sizeable ditch. The perennial Bailey Bridge serves well





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(Opposite) By breaching sea-dykes and river-banks, the Germans exposed Holland to the ravages of her ancient enemy, the water. Amphibious trucks carrying Allied supplies. (Above) The destruction of Holland's bridges has paralysed transport. Among the few saved is that of Nijmegen, with its graceful arches. It was captured intact by an Anglo-American force on September 21st, 1944

enough for such motor traffic as still exists. But when it is realized that for transport in bulk, and especially coal, only railways and barges will do, the spectacle is depressing indeed. To fish a double-track railway bridge out of the water is what the Americans would call 'some job'. It requires steam winches and other power-equipment, which in turn requires fuel, which in turn requires rail transport, which in turn requires bridges, which is where we started. There you have a classic example of the vicious circle which meets those charged with the direction of reconstruction at every turn. Moreover, the destruction of Holland's innumerable bridges has not only paralysed rail traffic but inland water transport as well. The Germans have killed two birds with one stone. They have temporarily set the clock back, not to the pre-railway era, but infinitely further than that, to the remote times before the construction of Holland's canals and the advent of the towboat and the sailing barge. What this means to a country like the Netherlands, where some three-quarters of the goods traffic, especially coal, has always been carried by water, can easily be imagined. It is visible even to the casual tourist's eye. For while the windmills are still turning, that other familiar aspect of the

Dutch scene, the great ballooning brown sails majestically pulling along the horizon, has almost entirely disappeared. Like the rusty railway tracks and the empty roads, the rivers and canals are deserted and idle, and a great silence hangs over the land which once was never without the busy sounds of power-driven barges fussily chugging along on their interminable journeys, and trains rumbling in the distance.

But while in some respects the situation in the Eastern and Northern provinces seems to differ but little from that in the earlier-liberated South, one needs only to enter any house at random to realize that recovery in these regions still lags far behind. Candle-light is—or was when I last travelled there in April—still the rule rather than the exception, travel except on bicycles practically impossible and smoking chimney-stacks conspicuous by their absence. Life in general was still being lived in a number of practically isolated communities, which often gives rise to the most extraordinary contrasts between what one might call abundance in the farming districts and mere subsistence in the urban areas. Poverty amidst (relative) plenty; with this difference that the fault lies not with maladjustments in the distribution of purchasing power but with the complete break-



Netherland Government Information Bureau

The prosperous-looking farmsteads of North Holland are suffering from soil-starvation and lack of equipment. The export of their dairy products is necessary to the revival of the national economy

down of all means of transport. It is the same story as elsewhere except that, in the case of the northernmost provinces, the problem of bringing up the fuel required to get the economic machine running again is specially aggravated by the excentric location of the Dutch coal mines, which are situated in the extreme south-east.

Yet in some ways the Eastern and especially the Northern provinces, in spite of having been liberated some seven months later, seem to present a more nearly normal and prosperous aspect than the South. The explanation lies, of course, in the fact that these are predominantly agricultural regions and as such less vulnerable to the impact of war than the fragile and delicate machinery of indus-

trial civilization. The magnificent old farmsteads of Friesland and Groningen are largely intact, the pastures seem as full of cattle as ever, and even the cities, with one or two notable exceptions, such as the town of Groningen, appear to have suffered less than in the South. No Walcherens here, no completely devastated areas as in Dutch Flanders, hardly even any of the blackened wrecks of villas, homesteads and farms which often disfigure the once so tidy Dutch countryside in the South. The occupation, with all its terrors and spoliation, has weighed as heavily on these regions as on any other part of Holland; but the liberation, which elsewhere came as a slow-moving tornado destroying everything it touched, here swept across the

country as a swift invigorating breeze. Repair the bridges, the casual observer will say, get the trains running, see to it that somehow or other the power plants and dairy factories are provided with the necessary fuel, and these regions, like all the rest of the agricultural land which has escaped flooding, will again be able to play their part in Holland's economy as if nothing had happened.

Alas, it is not quite so simple as that. For if on the surface a considerable part of Holland's agricultural land appears to have suffered but little damage, one needs to penetrate only an inch below this deceptive surface to discover a soil starved of fertilizer; one has only to enter the sheds of these prosperous-looking farmsteads to find them in many cases empty of every kind of agricultural equipment and with a severely reduced number of draught-horses, to say nothing of tractors. Finally, one has only to inquire exactly what part Dutch agriculture played in Holland's economy to learn that the recovery of export markets is at least as essential to the restoration of the national economy as the resumption of full-scale agricultural production. For the Netherlands, so often erroneously thought to be a predominantly agricultural country, are actually to a large extent dependent on foreign food-stuffs, especially grains, which are paid for with exports of dairy products. Thus, just as the prospects for full-scale agricultural production depend among other things on the availability of raw materials in the form of foreign fertilizers, so the prospects for restoring a normal level of food consumption within the Netherlands are inseparably linked up with conditions in the world's food markets. So far as Holland is concerned, ours is indeed, as Mr Willkie has said, one world.

* * *

When, after having toured the South, East and North, you finally turn West and enter what until only a few months ago was known as 'Fortress Holland', the picture changes once again. Wherever you look, the bridges of Holland's modern master-builders fling their slim, graceful arches across rivers and canals. It is a wonderfully encouraging sight after the dreary monotony of twisted steel and crumbled concrete which forms the inevitable environment of the waterways in the rest of the country. Swiftly the broad modern motor-roads, in almost as good condition as the bridges, carry you without queueing at narrow emergency crossings and without detours or diversions, from one seemingly undamaged town or village to another. In many

of these towns not a single pane of glass seems to be missing and their tidy, fresh appearance contrasts strangely with the shabby, derelict squalor of London and many another English city upon whose pavements no conqueror's boots have trod. So unexpected is this spectacle, so radically different from what you would have anticipated in a captured 'Fortress', that in your relief at finding so much beauty saved, you at first almost fail to notice much else that has gone. The dark, motionless water in the canals of Amsterdam, dreaming under the heavy shadows of the chestnuts, still mirrors the cherished picture of Holland's golden era. The new town, with its carefully laid-out gardens and exemplary workers' dwellings, still stands as a monument to 20th-century housing and an undiminished inspiration to town-planners from every nation. The Hague, though badly knocked about and shorn of some of its loveliest gardens, only needs a great deal of tidying and repair to be justly honoured again as "the prettiest village in Europe". Indeed, even if closer inspection reveals considerably more destruction than is at first apparent, in terms of bricks and window-panes Fortress Holland has not fared too badly, as fortresses go.

That is the first impression; and as usual with first impressions it is a very deceptive one. True, West Holland still has its bridges, its historic towns and its modern garden cities. The *décor*, though in need of a great deal of repair, is still there, but the scene is strangely empty and ominously quiet. In spite of the bustle of pedestrians in the streets and the clatter of tyreless bicycles on the paving, you soon sense that this great and powerful heart of the far-flung Kingdom of the Netherlands is only just ticking over. It is more than the absence of motor-cars, trams and trains which give cities like Amsterdam or the Hague this appearance of suspended animation, of exhaustion to the point of coma; more, too, than the often only too evident tiredness of their undernourished inhabitants, or the stark emptiness of the shops. Nor is it only lack of fuel or the severance of the arteries connecting it with the rest of the country which has brought this great pulsating heart almost to a standstill. It is above all suffocation, lack of air, that sea-air which has always been the life-blood of the nation, as much of a necessity to the life of Holland as it is to Britain. For this is the region in which the great ports are situated; here are the great international trading houses, the banks and insurance companies; here are the shipyards and the airport terminals; from here the network of Holland's



Photographs from the Netherland Government Information Bureau

Last to be liberated were Holland's great cities of the West, cut off for five years from the sea. Only when international trade and internal communications are restored can Holland hope to regain prosperity. Meanwhile life is slowly returning to the docks of Amsterdam (above); the idle barges on its canals (below) await essential fuel and the reopening of damaged inland waterways



trade relations spread across the world, and here five years of life cut off from the sea have meant death by slow strangulation.

* * *

The surface outlines of the position in which the Netherlands found themselves on VE day have been broadly sketched. To give the picture depth an enormous mass of detail would, of course, have to be filled in. Reference would have to be made to the great housing shortage — think of Arnhem alone which before the war counted a population of some 80,000 and which now, like so many other Dutch towns and villages, is dead and deserted, a desolate burnt-out shell; to the loss by theft, demolition or lack of replacement and repairs, of quantities of industrial machinery, rolling-stock and port installations; to the great sacrifices in men and ships made in the course of five years' war-service by the Dutch merchant navy, once the fifth largest of Continental Europe and ranking eighth in the world; to the annihilation, for all practical purposes, of Dutch civil aviation; to the flooding and destruction, for years to come, of large tracts of fertile agricultural land, some of which had only been reclaimed from the sea less than twenty years ago; to the astronomic increase in the national debt; and, last not least, to the still enduring severance from the Netherlands East Indies, where Dutch capital had been invested amounting in 1935 to approximately a quarter of the national wealth and accounting for 68 per cent. of the total return on capital invested outside the homeland. All these and a thousand other aspects of the vast process of national impoverishment, which has reduced the Netherlands from one of the most prosperous nations of the world to a distressed area, must be taken into account if some idea is to be gained of the magnitude of the task of reconstruction now facing its inhabitants.

How long that task will take is the question uppermost in the minds of all Dutchmen today. Reconstruction in the Netherlands is not a question of statistics, of interest only to the economists and business men of the nation, but a desperately urgent matter affecting every man, woman and child in every



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Whether they were shattered or escaped intact, Dutch towns and villages all now face many of the same social problems, such as the reception of citizens who were deported by the Germans or fled from the oncoming battle. Note the tyreless bicycle

aspect of ordinary daily life. Reconstruction to the people of the Netherlands, and in particular to its large urban population, means being able to live again instead of just dragging on existence, which is about the best that can be said for life in urban Holland at the present time. Reconstruction to them does not mean the end of official controls or restrictions, but the end of the deadly economic paralysis which still holds large parts of the country in its grip; it does not mean a larger petrol ration, but bicycle tyres, buses, trains and trams, and bridges, so that somehow or other the stifling restriction on the individual's liberty to go where he pleases is removed, and the fifth freedom, perhaps the most precious and essential of all, the freedom of movement, is regained. To many it means a great number of other elementary things, for Holland is not extravagant in her demands upon the immediate future: she needs the barest necessities of daily life in the way of houses, gas, electricity, coal, soap, clothes, shoes and many things besides.

How long will it take; when will this peace, which is desolation, be over? All that can be done to answer these questions is to indicate some—and only some—of the conditions that must be fulfilled. In so far as they are conditions which lie within the control of Holland

itself—and many of them do not—one of the foremost is no doubt the establishment on sure foundations of a measure of social and political stability. Holland, too, must work her passage home, though fortunately in a different sense from the countries to which this metaphor has been applied; and to work successfully she requires above all unity of purpose. Whether that unity will be achieved still remains to be seen. As in every other country which has gone through the stresses and strains of five years' enemy occupation, the political balance-sheet shows new assets in the form of an increased national consciousness, as well as new liabilities arising out of the presence of formerly non-existent tensions and divergencies. The old pattern of political groupings still exists, but right across it and making it infinitely more confused, runs the new dividing line between the active resisters—collectively known as the *Illegaliteit* (illegality) and ranging all the way from hot-headed youngsters to cautious, sober-minded business men—and those who do not claim to have taken an active part in the resistance movement and who do not, in fact, always approve of its actions or the spirit by which it was guided. Purification or *Zuivering* as the Dutch call it, the elimination not of traitors (on the necessity and desirability of which everyone is agreed) but of those who are rightly or wrongly branded as collaborators, is the great issue between these two groups, and one which immediately affects the problem of economic reconstruction. For if, as some of the representatives of the extremist wing of the 'illegality' demand, everyone is to be eliminated who has carried on his livelihood during the occupation, and who has thus inevitably come into contact with the occupier and often even benefited him, it is clear that the economic structure of the nation would be dislocated from top to bottom.

Fortunately the leadership of the 'illegality' has shown itself to be possessed of sufficient good sense to realize that such extravagant demands, apart from their disputable validity on grounds of principle, cannot be countenanced. But the problem of purification does nevertheless constitute an impediment to the speedy resumption of constructive work. Apart from the thousands of men—and sometimes key men—who have already had to be removed from their positions, with the consequent loss to the national economy of their labour power, specialized knowledge or experience, tens of thousands are endlessly being discussed by their colleagues, employees or competitors. Whether So-and-so

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has shown himself a good or a bad Dutchman, and whether he should be retained in his position, is still one of the topics of conversation. Tragic as it is, the desire to cleanse the country of its unworthy elements has inevitably led to an orgy of accusation, insinuation, gossip and rumour in which the highest and the lowest motives are inextricably mixed up. And meanwhile the process of unravelling these endless charges and counter-charges becomes the more laborious and time-consuming the harder the authorities attempt to dispense true justice, with the result that justice is not only rough—as it always must be in matters of this kind—but also exceedingly slow. What the effect of all this must be on the social and political atmosphere of the country, within every economic unit, from the largest factory to the smallest shop, can be easily imagined. And it is not until such justice has been done as can be done and oblivion has both rubbed off its rough edges and covered its inevitable omissions, that this particular source of unrest—and often of labour trouble—will at last be removed.

But while it is true that social and political stability must be re-established as one of the pre-requisites of economic recovery, it is unfortunately also true that economic recovery is itself a condition for the achievement of social and political stability. Nowhere has this ineluctable vicious circle shown itself more clearly than in the coal mines. Reduced to its simplest terms the circle runs as follows. Material shortages in such things as shoes, soap, transport to and from the mines, to mention but a few, cause dissatisfaction among the miners; this in turn leads to absenteeism, a lowering of output per man-hour and a decline in coal production as a whole; less coal means that the process of re-starting industrial production is slowed up and in particular that fewer shoe and bicycle factories can be set going; fewer shoes and bicycles mean dissatisfaction among the miners; and so on *ad infinitum*. Somewhere this vicious circle, which is but one out of many, must be broken, and in a great many cases the only way to break it is by priming the economic machinery with raw materials or finished products that can only be obtained from abroad.

Thus, wherever you look in this confused picture of a nation trying to get back to its feet, always the same stark facts emerge with inescapable clarity; that Holland cannot pull herself out of the depth by her own bootstraps, that to set the wheels turning again, however slowly, some help must come from overseas.



Pictorial Press

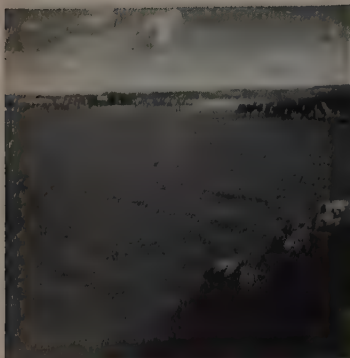
Dutch miners, on whom recovery largely depends. They are here seen welcoming Queen Wilhelmina

Holland, like England, depends for her very life on foreign trade—witness the fact that in 1928 Holland had a greater *per capita* value of international trade than any other country in the world. Unlike England, however, whose uphill war has forced her economic machine into top gear, Holland is reduced to a state of industrial and agricultural exhaustion and paralysis; she is cut off from her overseas territories, half of her merchant shipping is destroyed and the remainder is largely engaged in carrying on the fight against Japan, while her natural economic hinterland and by far her largest customer, Germany, is ruined for years to come. For such a Holland, in such a world, peace is truly going to be an uphill struggle.

* * *

This is a sombre note to end on, but come with me again along the road of liberation and you will find much to cheer you and to inspire confidence that somehow or other the uphill peace, too, will be won. Not only the sight of the smoking chimney-stacks and the

sound of the rumbling trains in the South, where with endless improvisation and ingenuity the pieces of the broken machine are already being put together again. Not only the age-old, peaceful spectacle of men tilling the land in the North, or the equally ancient picture of men setting about the reclamation of the land which, at the bidding of a new enemy, their immemorial foe, the water, has taken from them. But also in the seemingly dead cities of the West, where you only have to enter any business or government office, to find the men of Holland hard at work planning and calculating, and only occasionally allowing their eyes to stray from the papers on their desk towards the window which at last, after five years of being barred and bolted, lets in the breath of the sea; the sea and the globe-encircling oceans lying behind it, on which Holland has found her greatness in the past, and which, if the world takes to the sea again, will doubtless enable her to work her way back to her rightful place among the nations.



Bolt Tail

by RAYMOND BUSH

WITH what a host of memories one small place may be endowed. As I lie here, high up on Bolt Tail, the scent of the bracken strong in my nostrils and the sound of the sea far below faint in my ears, the new and ugly houses above the old village of Hope Cove fade and I see again the green slopes that I remember as a boy.

From that small beach where the boats lie motionless at their moorings we boys used to swim out into the setting sun. There too we would watch the fishermen unloading their harvest of lobsters, crabs and crayfish. Forty-five years ago a visitor was a novelty in Hope.

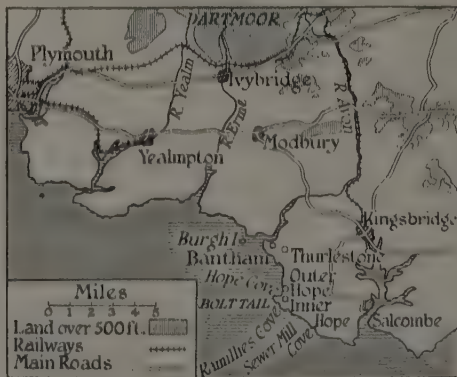
I remember two wrecks there in the bay and how as lads we helped to strip the copper bottoms and strove mightily with the rusted bolts that held the massive timbers. There where the life-boat house stands—though the life-boat is no more—I searched for Spanish coins. I never found them but the lure was strong, and found they had been, by others, when the rough seas of winter had churned the shingle where it joins the sand.

Out there beyond the rock which guards the entrance we once saw a sunfish, floating like some great globe upon the surface of the summer sea, and one day the mackerel swarmed in from the ocean right up to the beach, the villagers scooping them out in baskets—a miraculous draught of fishes if ever there was one.

Further out along the Tail is a gulley between two rocks, and as I straddled it trying in vain to hook the soft-lipped red

mullet, a huge conger eel slid silently beneath me out to sea. Nearby too lies the cavern, bared only by the lowest tide, within its dark recesses a deep pool where great prawns dwell.

There towards Dartmoor, the dim bulk which seems to float where sky joins sea, is Burgh Island. Once it was a green hill topped by a ruin. Now at its foot stands a hotel served by a sea-going tractor, crossing the bar where the Avon leaves Bantham for the sea. Nearer, behind that long bay of sand, lies Thurlestone. When I first knew it no links or hotel marked the spot. The little village slept behind the sand dunes, and the humble inn had yet to sprout the vast wings which now adorn it.



Stanford, London



1. Looking towards Thurlestone from the Tail. 2. Low tide at the anchorage by Outer Hope with Bolt Tail beyond. 3. Looking back to Outer Hope from the cliff top to the west. The old road which joined the two Hopes became unsafe through erosion by the sea and was replaced by an inland road. 4. Outer Hope from Bolt Tail, where sea pinks star the cliff top and bracken follows. The old village of whitewash and thatch lies directly behind the straight line of the sea wall. The houses dotted upon the slopes above are modern and have lost the distinctive local character



5. Looking down into the village square of Inner Hope from the flank of Bolt Tail. Sheltered though it be, the village can still be cut off from Outer Hope by a winter gale. 6. High tide at the anchorage. 7. Slates begin to encroach on thatch in the old village square

There on that beach a drowned American diplomat came ashore. In the Inn the day before a fisherman had told me of the body he had seen floating. Half a crown was the salvage for such poor flotsam and he had preferred to watch it drift away. Next day a labourer found it close inshore and the £300 reward brought him wife and farm.

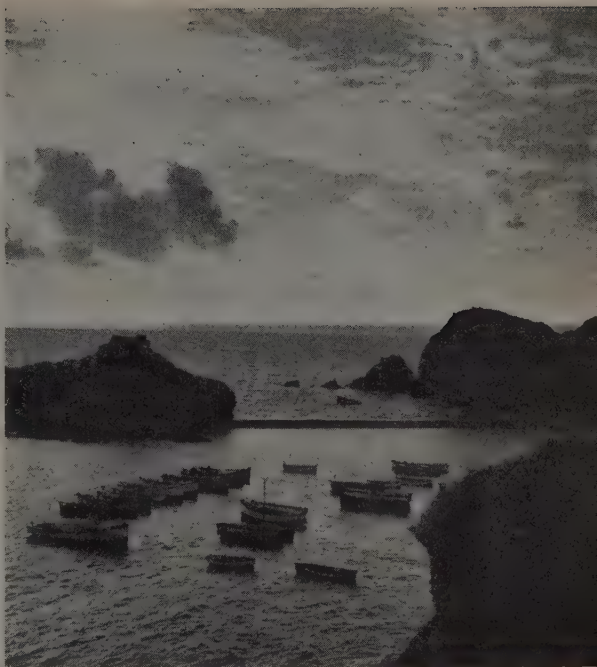
From this very spot during the war of 1914-1918 I saw a ship torpedoed, and it seemed to me that the mountainous cloud of its destruction would never cease to rise and spread. From Plymouth came coastal motor boats buzzing like angry wasps while for hours a fat dirigible scoured the sea. The dead bodies of the crew drifted in on the tide all along that piece of coast.

The end of the Tail has slipped into the sea of recent years, and where I used to lie and watch the gulls sailing far below me I see the red Devon soil like rust upon the grey rock face. Just beyond lies Ramillies Cove, named by the old ship that found her grave there, and next to it those two sharp rocks once held a stout china-clay boat locked in their jaws. For months the sea about her was milk-white.

All along the coast to Salcombe lie wrecks. Just below the coast-guard look-out a liner came ashore one night in fog and all her passengers were brought safely up the cliff face. Off Sewer Mill Cove a tea ship met her end and for weeks the beach was piled feet deep in tea. The fisherfolk, denied the salvage of the floating chests by the revenue men, stripped them for the lead foil within and set the precious contents adrift. Last to come to grief was the lovely *Herzogin Cecilie*. This is a coast of wrecks and cruel rocks against which, be it never so calm, the swell still surges in from the Atlantic.

Today the Devon lanes, where the fern and honeysuckle brushed our heads when as boys we trotted down to the shore, are widened for the charabanc. In peace time cars are parked to the edge of the high-water mark and camps of tents spring up like mushrooms behind the shelter of the dunes.

Bolt Tail itself has been mercifully preserved from the public for the Public by the National Trust. There will be no camping, no fires—and fewer broken bottles and empty ice-cream cartons than disgrace most Devon beauty spots. Those of us who remember Devon's unspoiled beauty grow fewer every year, so while I may I lie here upon Bolt Tail with the scent of the bracken hot about me in the August sun, with the gulls mewing above me and the sea whispering far below.



PILGRIM PAINTINGS

Notes and Photographs

by TOM WEEDON

"And proclaim to the peoples a pilgrimage: Let them come to thee on foot and on every fleet camel, arriving by every deep defile." (The Koran, Chapter XXII). With these words the prophet Mohammed declared a pilgrimage to Mecca obligatory on Moslems in all parts of the world, for whom the journey is possible. On his return from the pilgrimage, having celebrated Moslem unity in the performance of certain rites, the traveller is entitled to the honourable prefix *El Hajji* (The Pilgrim). Most pilgrims now make the journey by train, boat and car, although many from the more isolated places still make the journey by camel. The naïve wall pictures shown here illustrate things seen by the Egyptian pilgrim on his travels to the holy city and are taken from houses near Memphis, Alexandria and Dikheila. They are often painted by him on his return, for he is proud to have travelled and wishes people to know he has visited the burial place of the prophet; alternatively he might write to his relations while on his way back from Mecca instructing them to decorate the front of his house with boats, trains, flowers, and whatever else has impressed him. Accompanying the pictures may be found many texts in Arabic, the most usual ones quoting words from the Koran

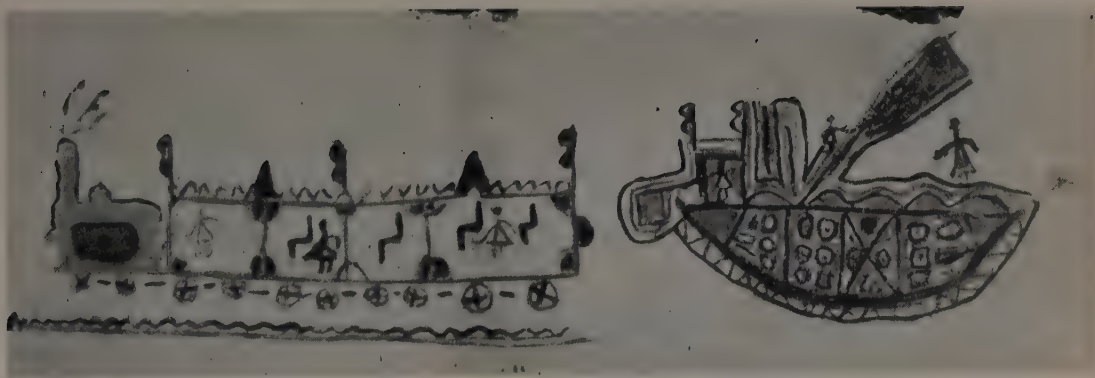


Certain caravans are headed by a sacred camel bearing the Mahmal, a costly ornamented structure embroidered with texts from the Koran. The first Mahmal was made in the 13th century for the Queen Shagaret el Dor who contemplated making the pilgrimage from Egypt and wanted a palanquin worthy of her rank. The Mahmal has ever since taken its part in the yearly pilgrimage



The oriental vessel above evidently seemed more natural to the artist than the steamer below, even though he lives close to the sea





One Hajji of Dikheila on the Mediterranean coast of Egypt appears to have seen more than most pilgrims or else his imagination was more fertile. Among the things he has portrayed are a bearded mermaid; a Mahmal which looks as though it has pressed the camel's hump flat; and birds which may be meant to portray the desert partridge, one of the most frequently seen birds in the desert. There are also flowers, trees, the usual train and ship and a snake breathing fire



A Casualty

by CHUN-CHAN YEH

Chun-chan Yeh is a young Chinese writer. Before the present war he was teaching in Tokyo. For an article which he wrote for a Japanese paper he was put into jail for six weeks. After he returned to China he served in the Chinese army for three years in the war against Japan. During the last few years he was lecturing on Chinese literature at National Central University, Chungking. Recently he came to England, touring the country and giving lectures on China as a guest of the British Ministry of Information.

一個 駝背的 游擊兵

A FAINT clanging noise came over the hillside as the dusk was gathering. The sound spread from afar and gradually rang nearer and at last twanged perceptibly in the air above as if from the cast-iron bell on the pagoda up the valley. And as the evening breeze swept along, the wheat up and down the hills, golden with ripe ears, began to dance in millions of waves in tune with the leisurely ring. The day was dying out, but nature was set in motion by the sound.

The men in the village down the valley also joined the general movement of the evening world. They streamed out from their thatched cottages to the village square, with hoes and spades and old-fashioned guns which they had used for shooting boars in the old days. There were also a few mothers standing by with babies on their arms and dirty urchins uneasily twisting their rags and grumbling that they were hungry. A dim cloud of kitchen smoke was lingering over the thatches, changing now into dragons and now into mermaids. All were lost in watching this evening phenomenon, and were silent.

A brown-faced man stood out from the crowd, and breaking the silence, said: "The messenger has just arrived from headquarters with the alarm gong. A patrol of

about twenty Japanese is coming this way. We must intercept them on the highway. So brothers, line up!" He clicked his bare heels together and snapped his knotty left hand to his left brow. There was not a single hair there since a stray fire from the kiln had licked it when he had been working as a brick-maker.

All the villagers lined up and marvelled at the swift and adroit manner with which the brick-maker performed his military salute. Although he had been appointed as a partisan leader for his bravery and courage, yet he had never had any military training. He had not even seen the world, all his life being spent in this valley as a craftsman. "A genius! A military genius!" thought some of his men, staring at their commander with respect and awe. A little hunchbacked fellow was so far carried away by admiration that he even tried to imitate that impossible elegant military etiquette. He clicked his bare feet in a V-shape and arched his left hand over the middle of his forehead. There he stood in the line like a doll without knowing how to relax.

"That is not right, Brother Crookback," the brick-maker criticized, looking with a serious air at the small man. "It is Japanese style.

Now we have adopted American style. Like this!" And the commander performed his famous military salute once more.

Crookback simply did not know how to move his hand and feet again. He remained in his former posture, lips shut and his tiny nervous eyes fixed on the brick-maker gravely as a private might look at a field-marshal. "A beautiful Japanese military salute!" someone from the crowd commented. Immediately all burst out laughing.

"Enough! enough! Brothers, let's go! One, two, three . . ." the brick-maker shouted. He led the way. The whole detachment moved in the direction of the motor road three miles away. The mothers began to disperse, having given a last glance after their men.

Just as the men were about to disappear down the path between the golden wheat fields, Crookback suddenly rushed out of the line and appeared on the mound opposite the village, shouting at the top of his voice to a woman who was about to enter a cottage:

"Ominous Crow!" (This was his wife's nickname.) "Oh, no!" he corrected hastily, "Treasured Flower!" (This was the woman's maiden name.) "Treasured Flower! Don't forget to put a fresh bundle of hay in the rack for the cow. She won't plough the land tomorrow if she hasn't got enough to eat tonight. And steam a *large* pot of white rice and beans for me. I won't be able to work if I get no supper this evening. See?"

When he rushed back to join the company, he found all the men were standing, waiting for him. Brick-maker appeared very unhappy. He said to the hunchback, who was panting: "Brother Crookback, you should not fall out of the line while marching. If you have to, you should report to me."

"Yes, sir, I will," the hunchback replied and snapped his left hand over the middle of his forehead in the self-taught fashionable military salute. Then he marched on with the rest of the men.

A long stretch of wheat field was passed. The evening breeze grew stronger. The wheat danced more violently, the heavy ears whistling and rustling as if to warn that the enemy was drawing near. There was a gentle whisper of pine trees from distant places, brought by the light wind. "March quickly, brothers!" the brick-maker gave the order. "We must get to the place before the Japanese pass by."

"Yes, sir," Crookback said in great haste to the brick-maker, again standing out of the crowd. "Beg to report, sir. My trousers are getting loose at the waist. Can't be helped,

sir: no food in the stomach. Just a minute." And he stopped to work on his belt for nearly five minutes, keeping all the men waiting for him. The brick-maker nearly lost his temper this time, had it not been for the fact that Crookback failed to fasten his belt several times, so that the trousers slumped to his feet—an incident which set all of them laughing.

After an hour's hurried march they finally reached the highway. It stretched from the north through a vast expanse of wheat fields and then took a turn to the east over a hill. At the turning, on the slope of the hill, there were a few old pine trees growing out from clumps of bushes, overlooking the road.

"These bushes are natural cover," the brick-maker said. "Collect enough stones, brothers! But don't hurl them down unless the enemy is right under your hiding place. You must hit directly on their heads so that they lose consciousness immediately and then we can deal with them with spades and hoes. Disperse!" All the farmhands walked to the bushes to hide themselves. The brick-maker himself was about to climb to the top of the hill to watch for the enemy. But suddenly he called out, remembering something, "Brother Crookback, you stay a bit further away from this spot. Oh yes, over there is a rock. Hide yourself behind it. Go!"

"Yes, sir," the hunchback walked over there, rather dejectedly. The rock was about a hundred yards away from the turning. He could practically do no fighting there at all. The brick-maker always assigned him a position like that, safe, but humiliating.

Crookback was an industrious peasant, but certainly not a good fighter. His deformity always hampered his freedom of movement. For this reason the brick-maker had advised him more than once to withdraw from the detachment. But he always refused this piece of advice stubbornly for two reasons. First, when the Japanese had come to this area three years ago, they had killed his beloved ploughing cow for meat. Secondly, once a Japanese soldier had passed by his cottage and, seeing his pock-marked wife drying clothes on the threshold, had deliberately passed water before her, laughing like a demon. When he had come out to interfere, the Japanese had given him a box on the ears and struck a match to set his thatched cottage on fire.

Now he squatted behind the rock about twenty yards from the highway, half ashamed and half resentful. Ashamed, because this position was so safe that he would never get hurt. Resentful, because he felt that people had a low opinion of him and of his fighting

ability. He was unhappy and furious and cursed his hunch which he thought was the root of his inability. Just then there was a steady clatter of hoofs thumping nearer and nearer. As it approached the breathing of horses could be heard.

"Attack!" was the wild shout from the brick-maker on the top of the hill. It was like the switching on of a machine that hurled stones. There was a cascade of stones falling from the hill on the highway below, where a vehement stampede took place. The Japanese knew that they were being ambushed. A sharp volley of fire came in reply. But in the dark they could harm nobody. Quite a few Japanese were hit by the stones and a number of the horses were crippled so that they had to pick up their wounded men and made a hasty escape.

Crookback saw the escaping shadows on horseback flying away one after another on the highway. He had a stone in his hand which he had held so tightly that it seemed as though it might burst into pieces. Several times he attempted to jump out from behind the rock, but each time he wavered, seeing that the Japanese were quite numerous. At last the long string of horsemen disappeared from his sight. Only one horse bearing a Japanese soldier was trotting heavily about fifty yards behind the galloping file. Apparently it was wounded somewhere on the leg. Impatience now overwhelmed the hunchback. He rushed out from behind the rock and aimed the stone right at the head of the Japanese soldier with so much force that he himself nearly fell to the ground. The Japanese lost consciousness immediately, and without a cry, fell off the saddle. Crookback jumped on him, mad, and, straddling his chest heavily as if on horseback, gripped his neck with one hand and pounded his head with the fist of his other hand. As he was pounding hard, the Japanese struggled with a violent kick, and the revolver in his hand went off. Simultaneously with the sound Crookback fell back, loosening his grip on the enemy. The conqueror kicked for the last time and then lay stiff on the dewy ground.

When the brick-maker and his men gathered on the highway they discovered by the light of three huge bamboo torches which they lit, a horse straying in a wheat field near by and three revolvers left on the road. "Not altogether bad," the brick-maker said, fingering a revolver. "But we did not kill a single Japanese, a great pity!" And then he went over to the horse, a pure Mongolian breed. He ran his palm over its sleek belly and said, "We'll put you to drawing carts—a much

better job than carrying the Japs, my dear horse. Our Crookback will be very fond of you. He loves any animal that works for the farm." And he turned round and shouted: "Brother Crookback, a friend for you!"

There was no reply.

"Crookback is missing, Captain Brick-maker," said one of the men with a torch.

The brick-maker turned from the horse and, startled, said: "Let's find out; poor Crookback!" He remembered where he had posted the clumsy land worker, and he rushed to the spot. He found to his amazement a dead Japanese horseman. Quietly beside him lay the hunchback, blood streaming from his back. "Crookback!" the brick-maker stooped over him and shouted in his ear. There was no reply. His eyes were tightly shut. His weathered brown face now looked deadly pale. His large knotty peasant hands were stiffly spread apart. The brick-maker put his hand on the farmer's heart. There was hardly any beating.

The commander knew by now what had happened. He had not expected that. Still less had he expected that this farmhand would do his job so well. Looking at the dead body of the Japanese conqueror lying side by side with this peasant of China, a wave of emotion surged to his mind. "Brother Crookback!" he shouted at the top of his voice in the silent farmhand's ear, "Wake up! Perhaps you have some message to send to your wife before you go."

At last the hunchback slowly half-opened his eyes with a painful frown on his brows, the kind of frown which his face had always worn in the years of starvation. An incoherent mutter came out from between his wooden lips: "Yes, sir . . . tell Ominous Crow . . . the pot of white rice and beans . . . be carefully covered . . . against rats at night . . . da . . . da-da . . . Put the pot . . . in . . . cold water . . . not to get . . . sour . . . da . . . ha . . . ha . . . hem . . . he" And the frown on his weathered brown face relaxed slowly into an expressionless blank, once and for all.

The brick-maker felt something heavy, something unspeakably sorry, in his heart. Hastily he touched Crookback's head with one hand as if to wake him from a sleep, and said in a quick, apologetic tone: "Pardon me, Brother Crookback, for my criticism that your military salute was in the Japanese style. I did not mean it, brother, because I myself know nothing about it. . . ."

And he waited, with repentance and sorrow, for a reply of forgiveness from this peasant comrade of his before he went to another world. But there was no reply.

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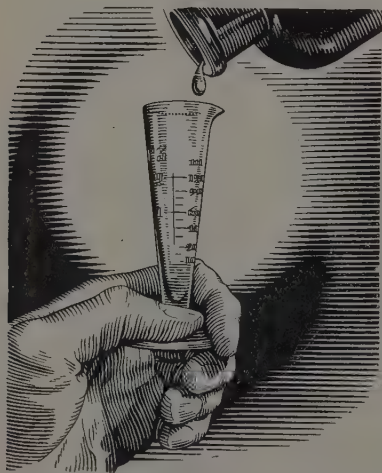
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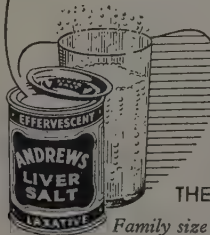
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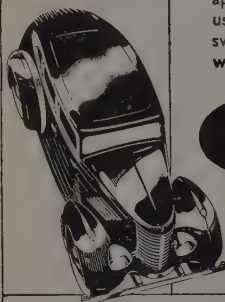
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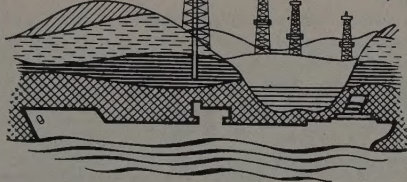


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We Salute... and thank the magnificent men and women of all our fighting services—land, sea and air. Highly skilled and competent, they will demand of Peace exacting standards of specialisation. The Dunlop Rubber Company, so closely in touch with their needs in war, will be specially qualified to serve them in Peace.

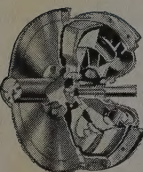
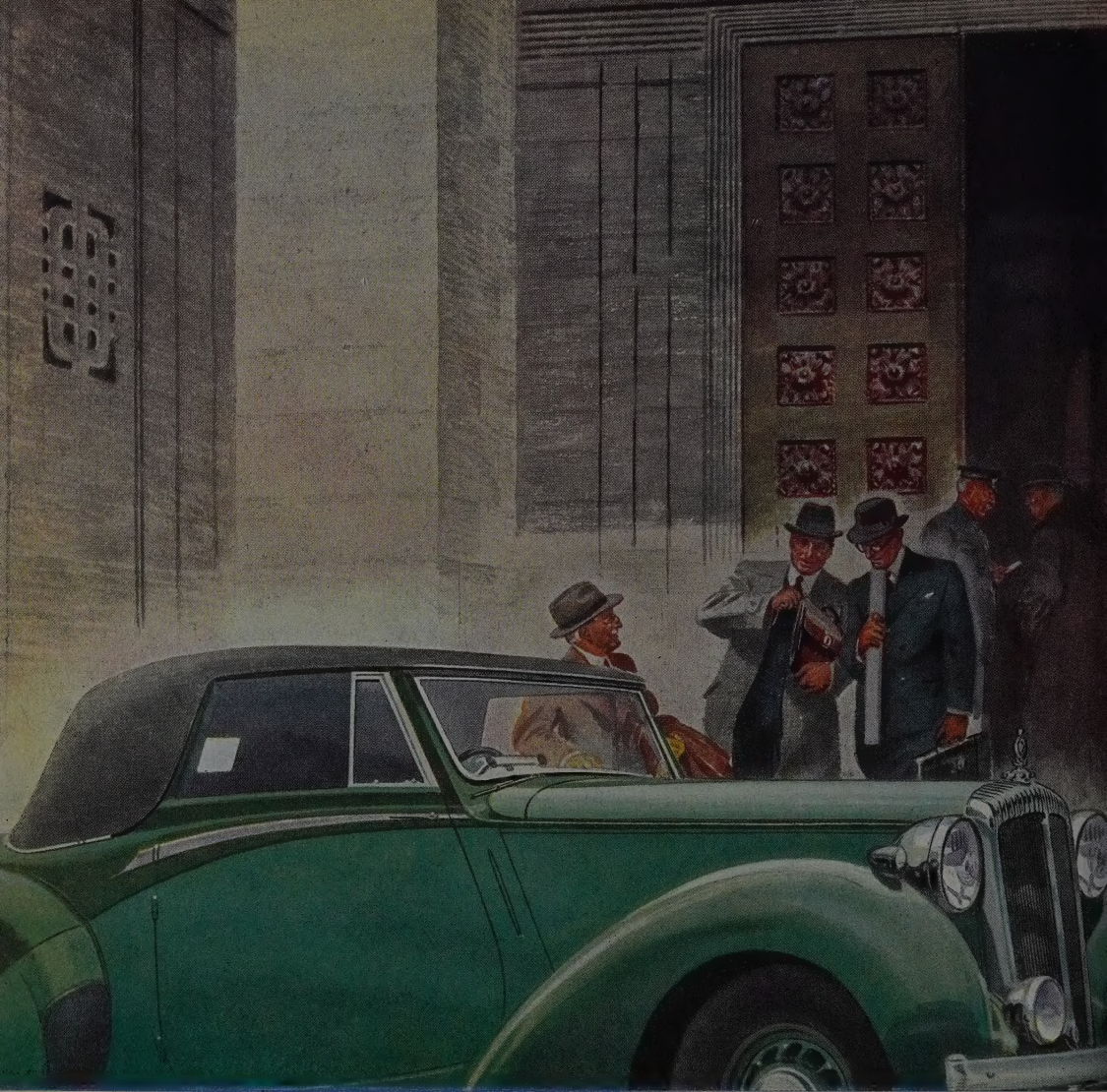


Painted specially for the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., by Charles Wood.

DUNLOP



"An army of Specialists"



THE
FAMOUS
FLUID
FLYWHEEL

The secret of the Daimler fluid transmission is found in one of Nature's laws — CENTRIFUGAL FORCE.

As the engine spins, the oil in a flywheel which is ribbed with vanes is flung out against the vanes of another wheel connected to the driving shaft. *There is no metallic contact.* Oil is the only medium. So the action is always SMOOTH and SILENT.

A CAR FAR AHEAD OF ITS TIME

By 1930 Daimler had perfected the fluid flywheel, the famous oil drive. At once it gave an ease and smoothness of control which were startling. The whole aspect of car driving was changed. *Now America follows Daimler's example.* All their newest leading models will be fitted with fluid drive. And so of course will your new Daimler be.



BY APPOINTMENT

Daimler